THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII. ROBERT BONNER, {PUBLISHER, 90 BEEKMAN ST. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867. TERMS. {$3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 36.

THE REIGN OF AUTUMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

The rust is over the red of the clover,
  The green is under the gray,
And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow
  Is flying away, and away!

Fled are the roses, dead are the roses,
  The glow and the glory done,
And down the hollow the steel-winged swallow
  Flying the way o' the sun.

In place of summer a dread new-comer
  His solemn state renews;
A crimson splendor instead o' the tender
  Daisy, and darling dews.

But oh the sweetness, the full completeness,
  That under his reign are born!
Russet and yellow in apples mellow,
  And wheat and millet and corn.

His frosts so hoary touch with glory
  Maple and oak and thorn;
And rising and falling his winds are calling,
  Like a hunter through his horn.

No thrifty sower but just a mower
  That comes when the day is done,
With warmth a-beaming and gold a-gleaming,
  Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather and frost together
  Color the woods so gay,
We must remember the chill December
  Has turned his steps this way.

And say as we gather the house together,
  And pile the logs on the hearth,
Help us to follow the light, little swallow,
  E'en to the ends o' the earth!

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER LI.

GETTYSBURGH.

Long before sunrise on the Wednesday morning of the second of July our party were astir. [illegible] and a bountiful breakfast awaited them. After the farmer's wife had learned from Agate the business which took such beautiful ladies, as Rose and Alice seemed to her eyes, to the battle-field, she could not do enough for them; and as they parted from her, the good old farmer said to them:

"We live some ways from Gettysburgh; but if any of your friends are wounded, or you want to send any body else here, it's a quiet place, and we've got enough, and we'll take the best care we can of them. So, remember, if you can't do any better, won't you?"

Thanking them heartily for their kindness, which was in marked contrast with the brutal demeanor of the Dutch farmers around Gettysburgh on those awful days, they were leaving, when, having talked a moment with his wife, he came back and said:

"I reckon I'd better go 'long with you a spell. I know some crooks and turns that may better your road. By what my men say, the main roads have been full all night, and soldiers are still crowdin' up to the front. I expect there will be powerful fightin' to-day, and I'll go up. Maybe I can help the wounded folks, if I don't fight myself. That aint my trade."

Sure enough, the roads were blocked; but their honest farmer friend, by lanes, and through cart roads in the wood, and by crossing sown fields, brought them, at last, to the rear of that long line of rocky hills, whose crest and westward slope was already crowded with soldiers.

Not a syllable of disrespect did they receive from soldiers or camp followers. In many instances cheers were raised for them, and "God bless you" was showered upon them by regiments and brigades who had seen them on other battlefields. Indeed, there were few regiments in the army of the Potomac where Agate Bissell's name was not known and honored. At certain points, where bodies of soldiers were at rest, the men flocked around them, and shook hands with them as old friends.

"What's all that?" said a soldier of the — Pennsylvania to one of his comrades, who saw the stir and heard some cheering around their carriage.

"What is it? Why, it's the old one with her two doves. There aint many boys in this regiment that don't know Mother Bissell and the Rose of Norwood!"

With that a bright, lithe young fellow sprung toward the party with all the eagerness of a child. But, as he came up and was not recognized, he almost sulked like a pouting boy:

"Why, don't you know me, Aunty Bissell? I'm your Willie!"

Agate turned upon him a quick look.

"Take off your cap! Why, Willie Woolsy! I never should have known you!"

And then, patting his head and smiling proudly on him, she said:

"Why, Willie, how you have improved! how fat and rosy you are! I never should imagine that you were that poor, pale boy that I snatched from the very hands of death, I do believe!"

And so, one by one, scores of men came in for a word, whom these women had succored on the battle-field, or nursed in the hospitals, or transported on steamers on the Potomac to Washington, or fed and clothed at various times and different places. This did not seem like the greetings of a field of carnage; it was more like a home-greeting.

The forenoon wore rapidly away. The hospital camps were selected. The Sanitary Commission had been able to secure no transportation on the railroad; and fortunate it was that—thanks to Hiram Beers' enterprise—so many wagons had been got through and so large a store of articles was on hand.

All through the forenoon, the distant sound of skirmish-firing was faintly heard. It rose and rippled on the air, and died away. Again, from another quarter, it pattered for a half hour, and gradually died out like an expiring drum-beat. Noon came; and no battle. All was suspense. No one that they could reach could give the information. Would Lee retreat? or was not Meade willing to give battle?

The afternoon wore on. The wounded of the day before were in Gettysburgh or beyond, or, if brought behind the northern lines, it was three miles to the north of the position chosen by the Commission for the first station.

It was after two o'clock. They were resting. Suddenly the great hulking body of Pete Sawmill rose up before them; and Pete, gurgling and laughing, seemed overjoyed to see his old friends.

"Well done! as sure as soot," said Agate, "here's our Pete! I'm as glad to see your homely black face, Pete, as if you was as white as snow!"

Pete reached out his great hand, to each of them, giving to each of them in turn one down motion that seemed likely to take their arms out of the socket, and giggling and laughing, in a way more silly than usual. He sidled up to Rose, with the most foolish look of affection, and began to move his hands in the air, as if he was taking up a child, or patting and playing with some invisible dog.

"Why, you poor old soul," said Agate, "we are all as glad to see you, Pete, as if you belonged to us."

"He, he, he! I guess I do. I don't b'long to nobody else, except the gin'ral."

"Where is Barton?" said Alice and Rose almost in the same breath.

"You see them woody hummocks yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, the gineral he's along beyond them, furder up, up toward that way [illegible] a serious, solemn air, for Pete's heart in every battle was much moved at the danger into which Barton Cathcart *would* throw himself.

"He's allers runnin' to find it and fetch it. He might jest as well wait. Ye see, danger will come itself when they're fightin' such allfired battles."

"Pete," said Rose, "do you think we could see Barton's position if we were to go on to that hill?"

"Sartain; I'll take you." Pete seemed as if he were literally about to take Rose as in the old days, when she rode upon his shoulder.

Rose laughed and dashed past him nimbly, on her way to the edge of Little Round Top. As she ascended the ridge the scene began to open upon her.

On reaching the summit, the view was obstructed by the fringe of woods through which the road passed. But by climbing a little to the south of the road, Rose obtained a clear view of the ridge on whose slopes lay the Northern army, extending from where she stood two miles north toward Gettysburgh, which, from this point, was tucked up so close to the northern head of the ridge that only the western skirts of the village could be seen, fringing out into the valley. A mile and more across from where she stood looking west, was a range of low and rounded hills, forest-clad in spots, or dotted with orchards. On the southern half of the line they were so carved out by the wear of waters for ages, that they seemed like huge beads half buried in the ground; but further north, and over against Gettysburgh, the terrace was less scarped and ran with an easier slope. Above and beyond these hills, to the westward, rose others, and wide strips of forest, and ten miles away the blue mass of the South Mountains banked up against the horizon.

Between the two low-lying ridges on which the armies lay was a mile-wide valley, its southern half much filled up with rolling hills, and cut into with dells and tangles of wood and rock. The upper half, or that nearest Gettysburgh, was scooped out and smoother. Along the line of swells between these two sorts of valley had been placed the left wing of Mead's army, forming an angle of about 45 degrees with the ridge on which the rest of the army lay.

To crush this leg thrust out from the body, as it were, and to seize the lower part of the ridge which the left should have occupied, was Lee's whole aim in the second day's battle. For four hours the fight here raged with excessive violence. The best troops of both armies were in the struggle. Neither before nor since has there been more thorough fighting, of all arms, with heroic tenacity and an indomitable will that did not know how to let go. And when darkness ended the conflict, the Northern troops, though on the whole worsted, had been only pushed back to their true position along the ridge, with the natural fortresses of Great Round Top and Little Round Top inexpugnably guarding the left of their line. But this is in anticipation.

Pete had followed Rose with more than usual gravity. He seemed like an uneasy hound that smells something in the distance that disquiets him. It is true that Pete had no conception of the construction of an army, nor is it probable that he could have been made to understand strategy, or tactics, in any proper and scientific way of stating them. But Pete was an innate hunter. He had all the intuitions and inspirations which belong to the venatorial art. In their ground forms these are not far from the science of warfare.

What are two armies but two huge animals that are hunting each other?—each, concealing its own movements and spying out the other's—creeping, watching, feigning, waiting for some unguarded moment, or indefensible posture, to spring with concentrated strength and loud roar upon the other! In a vague and rude way Pete felt some such battle instinct. He watched the hills opposite.

"There they are!"

"Who?"

"Why the Rebs—don't you see 'em?"

"Where do you mean?" said Rose, shading her eyes with her hand.

"Right over in the edge of them woods—don't you see the light flash? That's the sun shinin' on their guns. There 'tis ag'in! Them woods is [illegible] the left—them lines like? tha[illegible] there, on [illegible]em too. I don't like it."

"Well, Pete, are not our soldiers [illegible]?"

"Don't you see? there's our boys right across yonder. Them d—— rebels!" said Pete, waxing irreverently warm, "will be creepin' 'round behind 'em. I don't like it! I don't like it!"

And then Pete, uneasily, like a hound, again changed his position, and, pointing his muzzle out toward the scene of impending conflict, looked intently upon the fields.

"Pete, what ought they to do?" said Rose innocently, to her humble companion, and with as much faith in his judgment as if he were some black Napoleon.

"I dun know. I expect they better come back here."

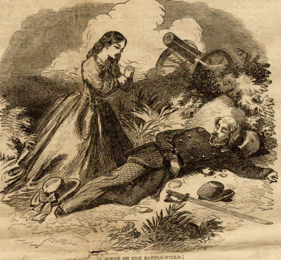
The scuds of white cloud that held their indolent course through the air early in the morning were now all gone away, and had left the heavens unscarred and unfurrowed. The sun now, half way down from the meridian, shot back floods of light along the path it had just travelled, but could not change its blue. Far up, the vault was paled a little, but blue it was—clear, tender blue. But, nearer the ground and along the horizon, the ruddy sunlight flooded all things with a peculiar golden hue. The air seemed rich, the earth dreamy, and the landscape that lay before Rose's eye seemed to her imagination as if in a tranquil meditation. The distant jets of white smoke, the faint reports of sharpshooters' rifles, or occasional ripples of skirmishers' firing seemed only like the plashing of a tranquil sea upon the shore—sound just enough to make stillness palpable. Every thing conspired to fill Rose with imaginations contrasting with the impending scenes. A wood-thrush not far from her, in a solitary clump of trees, was singing in a plaintive way to an answering thrush beyond. An oriole flew into a near tree, and sang shrill as clarionet. Flowers were thick among the stones. A bush of sassafras stood just at her hand, and she was almost unconsciously breaking off the tender and fragrant tips to refresh her mouth.

Rose had risen into that state of imagination in which outward things began to take on the colors of one's own thoughts, and to stand dressed in human feelings. The whole heavens above her head said to her, "There is no war in me!" the whole valley answered, "It is peace with me!" the woods about her—the fragrant smell of pine and spicy bushes,—the birds singing, and squirrels running nimbly across her path or jerking their tails in the safe edges of rocks,—all were so many tokens of peace!

Suddenly, right over against her, came a peal of thunder! Up rose a curling wreath of smoke. Quickly through it flashed fierce forks of flame; loud and earth-shaking roar came like the rolls of surf upon the shore, in quick succession. The battle had begun! It opened with no spattering shots, bringing out gradually growing volleys. It struck a deep note of thunder at first, and then kept to that awful pitch through four murderous hours!

Rose was fixed and fascinated. She could not withdraw her eyes from that which she dreaded to see. Lines of men came forth from the woods. They were met with sheeted flame, and withered and shrunk back. They were but the first line. Right on, behind them, came Longstreet's masses, that were not to be daunted—fire-proved, annealed in scores of battles! Little could Rose see but the general aspect. The loyal lines bore up stoutly and well. They were pushed and bent; but, like a trusty bow, sprung back again. The conflict became many-sided. Far onward, to the left of the Union lines, emerged the Confederate troops. New batteries seemed to spring up every where; and battle, like forks of flame in a burning town, kindling wherever a spark fell, flashed forth, from point to point, on every swell of ground—in the groves—through wheat fields—but more than all, right over against her, where the heaven was ablaze with artillery, and irresistible masses of Confederate soldiers broke down Sickles' centre and drove back his men from Sherfy's peach-orchard. For an hour, which seemed an age, she gazed. Troops were hastening from Hancock and from Slocum, drawn from the centre and right, to brace up the broken lines. The fight was creeping up from below to the very hill where she stood.

A division of Northern troops was passing the very road on which she had come. Suddenly a brigade was swung off from it, and began to [illegible] Little Round Top. She hasted down. It was a new sight [illegible]



[A SCENE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.]

She was used to every form of wounds in men brought off from the field. She had even been along the edge of fights, but it was when the combats raged in muffling woods and thickets. She had never stood where the whole field lay open, where the two armies stretched out their masses in visible opposition and the whole work of destruction could be seen. She turned away, and hastened by the road which, running from the very ground of conflict, hugged Little Round Top where she had been standing; and moved over toward the hospital ground of the corps. Within a half hour, men began to come over the ridge wounded, but yet able to get out of the battle. Their numbers increased.

Who shall describe the roar of battle? If one will know the mechanism and anatomy of battle, let him read our American Napier.* If he would see a gorgeous picture of the outplaying of this anatomy, the army charge, the tough and tugging fight, the swirl and hurricane, let him read the brilliant picture-writing of the military Doré of America.† But who shall describe the shadow of the battle? Who shall picture the battle of the hospital? Who shall make into history what passes before the nurses and surgeons?

The place chosen for the hospital proved to be in the line of fire, and shot and shell soon came down into the very tents, and men who had escaped the battle and cleared its skirts were reached and slain under the surgeons' hands. Another place was chosen. But scarcely had the surgeons' tables been set before whistling balls drove them thence. A third place, nearly astride of Rock Creek, was finally established. The wounded men were now pouring in in fearful numbers. Long lines of men lying on the ground covered the space. No tents were spread. The field hospital was literally but a field. A thousand men in less than an hour and a half! and more streaming in from every direction.

One of the chief needs of wounded men is drink and sustenance. Along the roads by which they came in, the Commission had stationed women and men to supply to the fainting and overspent, as they passed, both nourishment and stimulants. Rose suggested to Agate that the point which she had that afternoon visited would be well situated for a station. Fires were built, hot tea and coffee were kept in full supply, milk punch, wines, and other stimulants were at hand. Many who had climbed thus far, but were exhausted, were here revived by welcome nourishment and hobbled and shuffled over the hill to the hospital fields.

No sooner had Rose found some active work to do than all her fancies fled, and she settled back into a stern, practical woman, who could look upon wounds, wash and cleanse them, bind them up, cheer the desperately wounded and suffering. She had that happiest of constitutions, one which generated an endless supply of nervous force. With danger she grew calm, and her spirits rose with every perilous exigency. And after days and nights of almost continual service, Rose's body, fed by some inward supply, seemed as fresh and nimble as at the beginning.

"How can you endure so much and hold out so long?" was often asked.

But she could never reply, except to say:

"God gives me strength according to my need."

While Rose was engrossed in supplying the suffering, Hiram appeared from over the hill with the ambulance corps, aiding the wounded, but chiefly engaged in scolding Alice. Rose had, for an hour or two, missed her, and supposed that she had gone back over the hill toward the corps hospital. Instead of that, Alice had quietly ventured forward. Pete carried her effects, and acted as her body-guard; and, lured by some fascination, Alice had ventured down almost upon the edge of battle—outrunning, at last, the boldest of the ambulance corps, encouraging the stretcher-bearers to come on; for, so terrible had been the fire here that the men whose duty it was to succor and bear away the wounded shrank from the spot. All the stores which Pete could carry were soon consumed, Alice was urging the attendants to more venturesomeness, when the cloud of battle which had bent and moved outward, suddenly came raining back. A large body of Virginia troops were pressing back our lines. Just then, speeding to the succor of our men, came a division of the Second Corps. It was at the moment of onset that Alice liked to have been swept into the battle, whose bloody spray dashed up to her very feet. Just then some one snatched her by the arm and violently dragged her back.

"What on airth ails ye? Do you *want* to be killed? What sort of a place do you call this for a handsome woman? Come out o' this! Come, come, I say! If this aint craziness! Never mind, I swow you're a brave girl! By jimminy I never thought ye had so much in you!"

Just then the spiteful whirl of bullets over their heads renewed Hiram's alarm.

"For God's sake, duck!—duck your head!—get in behind here! What a fool you be. No need on't. What business had you out there?"

"What business had the soldiers there, Hiram?" said Alice, with an intense solemnity.

"It's their business to fight; that's their place."

"It's my business to relieve the wounded men who have been fighting for you and for me."

"Well, you might wait till the men fetched 'em out."

"Hiram, the ambulance men shrunk; their very officers hid. I saw them run away. If they had had a brother there, and—and—a brother there—they would have been bolder."

As soon as the danger lulled, Hiram could not refuse his admiration; but the moment shot began to whiz and swirl about her, he fell to scolding Alice again:

"You are a brave girl, anyhow. You ought to have been a soldier. I'm proud of your pluck. Gosh! look out—there come shells and shot—a pretty place for a woman! You want a gardeen over you. I wonder you'd be such a fool. There, then, now we're kind o' behind this swell they won't hit us. I vow, Alice, but you've arnt an epilet to-day."

When Alice saw Rose she ran to her with a piercing cry:

"Oh, oh, oh, Rose! I have seen him. I have seen——!"

"Who? Barton?"

"Yes; but not him. I've seen Heywood. He was rushing in at the head of his men just as Barton came up. Oh it is dreadful that he is fighting on the rebel side! But, oh how noble he looked. In that awful whirlpool of war he looked as beautiful as when he sat in our blue-room!"

"But did you see Barton?" said Rose, almost in a terror. "Was he there?"

"Yes—he was rushing right against them. There was an awful crash. Oh God! I hope Heywood is safe."

Rose, trembling, could scarcely sustain herself; but in a moment her courage came again.

"Alice, think only of Barton. He is your brother! May God preserve those who are defending the right, and send speedy overthrow to those who would destroy their government!"

Alice only shuddered, but made no reply.

The sun went down, but still the battle raged in the twilight. The left of the Union army, much twisted and bruised, had been shoved back and sadly rent, but, on the whole, had secured a better ground than it had lost; and at eight o'clock the sounds of battle died away on this part of the field; though far away, to the Union right, for a half hour longer the conflict sounded on. But by nine o'clock there was silence. Yes, with more than four thousand men a silence which should not be broken till the last trump!

In the two days, the Union army had lost, in killed, wounded and missing, nearly twenty thousand men. An equal loss, doubtless, the enemy had sustained. And the third great day was yet to come.

That night, within a circle of five miles diameter there were from both armies together between twenty and thirty thousand wounded men! All farm-houses and barns were filled. Every sheltered field was covered with sufferers. Hospital touched hospital. If one had come from the north behind Round Top, the first field-hospital would have seemed to contain the wounded of the whole battle; but at every mile, round toward Gettysburgh, he would meet another, and another, until he would wonder what could be left, of the fighting army which had shook off from its boughs such another army of withered men! And if the circuit were continued, Gettysburgh was full; and, moving over upon the western ridges where the Confederate army lay, the same mighty trail of blood held on its way. And thus some thirty thousand men, welded together by blood, twined around the great central armies like a gory belt!

The fighting was ended. The great toil of mercy was but just begun. All night long, men were brought in. Parties scoured the fields hunting for the wounded. Many had crept out of the storm of battle and hidden under fences, or among rocks, or in thickets, and, their strength failing, they could neither come forth, or make known their presence. Hundreds died whom prompt succor might have saved. When the moon rose and threw its faint light through the moving scuds of cloud, there might have been seen many a stalwart fellow fast fainting unto death. Some clasped in their hands the photograph of wife and children, some of lover; and they were found dead in the morning, the last smile yet lingering on their manly features.

The hospitals enlarged their bounds through all the adjacent fields. The barns in the neighborhood had been taxed for straw; but, he was fortunate who had under him anything but the fresh grass half covered with a blanket.

Hundreds of wounded rebels had been captured and lay among our men, subject to the same kindness. In the hospital there was peace. Wounds were counted as amicable settlements.

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* William Swinton. † G. A. Townsend.

The South, impulsive and unrestrained in the expression of feeling, the North, grave and self-contained, more apt to repress than to show feeling—both carried into battle and into the hospital their peculiarities. The Southern brigades, impetuous and fiery, charged yelling and noisy. The Northern men, sometimes hurrahing, yet oftener sternly silent, put their feelings into blows.

The rebel wounded groaned and cried out. The surgeon's knife set loose their tongues. The Northern wounded lay quiet, suppressed the groans, fighting their pains as stubbornly and silently as they had fought the rebels.

Yet it was not all sad in the field hospitals. The slightly wounded kept up excellent spirits. After their hurts were dressed, and they were washed, and refreshed with food and cordials, they became cheerful and chatty. One might have heard in the early night hundreds of narratives which they were recounting to each other, some sad and some grotesque, and some even gay.

Poor Agate for once quite lost her self-possession and burst into tears like a child, when, towards sundown, an ambulance brought in that fair Willie, who that morning had so joyously greeted her. A ball cutting across his face, had put out both his eyes. But he was going on in a path where one needs no eyesight!

"Aunty Bissell—*is* this *you?*" he said, in a gentle, plaintive voice.

"Yes, Willie, it is. God bless you, poor child;" and as Agate stooped to kiss his pale face, her tears dropped upon his cheeks. He could shed no more tears.

"Oh, don't leave me! Stay with me, won't you? Do take hold of my hand. Say something to me. I shall die! Oh, mother, mother, mother! Aunty, don't leave me. Do say something to me!"

Agate bowed down by his side, and while the cannon were yet sounding in the distance, and the air filled with departing souls, she sent up a fervent prayer for the lad.

But others needed care. She hurried from one to another, returning often to speak to Willie, finding him each time weaker, and always whispering either a petition or his mother's name. At the very last, as it grew dark, his mind flickered and seemed working at some childhood remembrance.

"Now I lay me down," said he in a whisper—"now I lay me—what? mother? now I—now I——"

Then for a little while he only whispered; and when Agate next came to him, all his battles were ended in an eternal victory.

Rose was struck with one man's experience. A bluff and brawny man he looked.

"Wal," said he to some who had been asking him about the conflict, "I remember while we was in Sharfy's peach orchard, and the firin' was just beginnin', that a sparrow was singin' in a peach tree. R-r-rip went the rifles. That shet him up. But he began agin. Wh-ang! went the cannon, and for about five minutes they fired and he fired, they fired and he fired back again. But I b'lieve at last they got the upperhand of that sparrow! Queer, wasn't it? I don't remember nothin' else—only it seems as if I had been squirmin' about in a whirlwind of red-hot rain for about a couple of hours."

Hiram re-appeared after an hour's absence, about ten o'clock at night. He had been hunting for Pete, he said.

"For Pete?" said Alice. "Why didn't you hunt for Barton?"

"*That's* the *way* to hunt for Barton! If anybody'd know where Barton was [illegible] would."

"Well, did you find Pete?" said Alice.

"Yes, I did."

"Hiram, why don't you tell [illegible] if you saw Barton?"

"Cos you didn't ask me," said Hiram. "Of course I saw him. Do you s'pose I should have been grinnin' about here if Barton was missin'?"

"Has he escaped—and not been hurt?"

"Sound as a nut—pretty well tired though. I guess he's blue too. Sent his love to you, Alice, and good-bye to all the rest, if he never sees you again;—would come over, but has jest got word that he may have to move over to the right wing there by daylight to-morrow morning, to drive out a parcel of rebs that's crept in unawares like."

"Thank God he is safe," said Rose.

Alice seemed lost in thought.

Meanwhile, though greatly tired out, Hiram said he would take a little turn around among the men—which meant to keep on his feet till past midnight, in various helpful offices. It was about midnight when he laid down near a fire, around which sat or lay a score or two of wounded men. He heard them talking of their day's work. A sergeant in the 146th New York was talking:

"I had 'nuff on't too. 'Twas my regiment that was in the brigade that charged in to support Sickles. And we did support him too. And we hadn't more'n time to turn round after that charge before they told us to go at Little Round Top, and we did go at it, and we took that too. Charged bayonets twice within fifteen minutes. And what was the queerest thing, out of that regiment of 800 men we didn't lose but thirty-three in them two charges. But most o' them was officers. In that charge up Little Round Top there happened to be one platoon of rebel sharpshooters in the place, and jest in them two or three minits they picked off our colonel, our leftenant-colonel, three cap'ns—the cap'n o' my comp'ny 'n both leftenants, 'n I do' no how many more. I found myself in command o' that comp'ny pretty sudden.

"Well, after the hottest o' that fightin' was over, I lay down behind a rock and went to sleep; told my second-sargeant to wake me up if there was anything. Well, pretty soon somebody came 'n waked me up, 'n said Gen. Warren wanted to see me.

"You see, where we was was jest before brigade-headquarters; and, right on top of the position, there was a great big high rock that had a view all over the whole field. 'Way down in front o' that, there was a kind of a valley like, all full o' rough ground. There was one place in it they called the Devil's Den. 'Twan't nothin' but rocks—a reg'lar nest on 'em—big boulders standin' up endways, ledges, and all sorts o' things. Now a lot o' rebel sharpshooters they'd got into them rocks, and they was a-waitin'. There couldn't a hat 'a ben showd on top o' that rock on Little Round Top 'thout it had a ball slap through it, and them generals they wanted to git up on there 'n reconnoiter.

"So I went up in the tent. Warren he knowd me; I'd bin under him before, in the old Fifth New York. And there was Gen. Kilpatrick, and Gen. Pleasonton, and Gen. This, and That, and so on. So Warren he says to me, 'Leftenant, can't you take some skirmishers, and go down in there, and clean out them sharpshooters?' Well, that was a command you know jest as much as if he'd said I *must* go and do it. So I said, 'Yes; I want sixty men, and I don't want nobody but volunteers neither.' So he said I might go and git 'em. So I went down to my regiment, 'n I picked out forty old Fifth New York men—the 146th was a new regiment, 'n they'd put these old veterans in to give 'em a *mow-rail*. Then I went to another regiment, 'n got twenty-five more; that was sixty-five, all told. So I got 'em all ready, and I arranged with Warren that, when I'd got down in the valley and got things all straight, I'd wave a handkerchief, 'n then they could git up on the rock. Then I told my men, 'Now,' says I, 'we must break down this slope jest like dust till we git into them rocks down there, and then we must scatter and take cover, pretty much every man for himself. But, one thing—don't you none on you fire till you see me do it. I'm agoin' to git a good place, and blaze away jest as fast as I can, so's to make 'em think there's a whole party o' men jest behind that one rock where I am. Then you wait for 'em to reply. There ain't but about twenty on 'em, all down in that nest o' rocks there in the Devil's Den. When they fire at me, you watch and fire at the place, and there'll be eight or ten on ye firin' at every one on 'em, and somebody 'll hit him.' So we got all ready, and away we went, tearin' down the hill like mad. They giv' us a volley or two when they saw us a-comin', and picked off about a dozen killed and wounded; so when we got down among them ledges and boulders, about two hundred yards away from where the sharpshooters was, I had 'bout fifty-five men. So I went to work a-blazin' away, and the boys they got down behind the stones, and, amongst us, we kep' up a hell of a fire; for every one o' my men had a hundred rounds of ammunition. And every once in a while we'd see one o' them sharpshooters jump up and fling up his hands.

"Then they began to slacken their fire, and my boys had been kinder drawin' up towards me; so says I, 'Now, boys, we'll make a little charge over in there, 'n see if we can't find some o' them fellers.' So we charged over in there, and we thought we'd got pretty near where they was, and we couldn't see nothin' on 'em. You see, 'twas all full o' nothin' but rocks, and they was hid. So I was satisfied that we'd pretty much silenced their fire anyhow, and so I out with my handkerchief and waved it, and the officers they hopt up on the rock. So the rebels, when they saw that, they got mad, and they went to firin' agin, and we began too. So there was a feller a layin' alongside o' me, Sargeant Weaver his name was, and he see a place where one o' the rebels was a firin' out of. So I looked, and there the feller had built up a little place between two rocks with loose stone, and he'd put a big rock across on top, and there he was, a firin' through a porthole at us. So Weaver he wanted to fire at him, and says I, go ahead. So Weaver fired, but he didn't hit him. Well, I had my gun all ready, and I watched close, and when this here feller drew back to load up again, (here the speaker imitated the movements of one ramming down a bullet), I could jest see the back of his head one side of that are rock. So I let him have it, and the bullet struck him right in the middle of his neck, right here, (touching the base of the skull behind.) I should think he jumped up in the air about four feet. Well, when we seen that, we all gave a hurraw, and we charged right over in there, and we gobbled up every one o' them fellers, all except two.

"Well, as soon as the rest on 'em saw what we was up to, a regiment on 'em came down to try and git them sharpshooters back agin. So then our regiment had to come down in bodily to support us. Then a rebel brigade came in, and then our brigade came down too, and we drove 'em back after a little while, and advanced our line the whole of that are two hundred yards, and kept it too.

"When I went up to see Warren, he said all sorts o' things to me, and promised to give me a medal and a commission, and all that. But I don' 'spect to git 'em. Folks forgit easy."

By four o'clock on Friday morning, July 3, the sounds of battle were heard far away on the right wing, on the eastern slopes of Culp's Hill. But before this, before the birds sang, while the very twilight hesitated in uncertainty, Alice was up and out. Nor was it long before the ambulances were moving to explore the remotest parts of the battle-field. Alice sought again the path of her yesterday's excursion. But scarcely could she recognize a feature, in the cold gray of morning, of that scene which she had seen late the afternoon in the lurid light of the sun lying low, and in the smoke and wild confusion of battle.

She was alone. She carried, besides a flask and roll of bandages, nothing. Following the road, over the northern edge of Little Round Top, down into the dell below, then inclining to the left, she began to recognize the place where she had seen Barton in the very thick of battle. With trembling eagerness she looked on every hand. The wounded had mostly been removed. Heaps of dead showed where the weight of battle had fallen. Suddenly, and like an arrow shot from a bow, she sprang from the path to the edge of a low forest or thicket, where an officer, half reclining, half sitting, either was asleep, or was dead. It was Tom Heywood.

Alice paused at a few steps; then, venturing nearer—pale, very pale—spoke as if she would waken him from sleep.

"Mr. Heywood! Mr. Heywood!"

Timidly, yet eagerly, she came close to him, laid her hand upon his arm; it fell heavily as she pressed it. She touched his hand and the truth flashed upon her,—he was dead! As one bewildered, and even yet uncertain but that he slept, she gazed upon his calm and noble face.

"Speak to me! Do wake! It is Alice—Alice Cathcart! Oh, Heywood, I would speak to you if it were I lying so! He is not dead! It cannot be death!"

Then looking long and wildly, as a child looks shudderingly into some dark room at night, she lowered her voice and said, in a hoarse whisper:

"He is dead! Oh God take *me!*"

Already the light seemed vanishing, and Alice fell fainting upon Heywood's breast. At last she had found upon his bosom a brief rest of love!

A man lying in the edge of the thicket called out to Hiram, who soon after was coming that way:

"I say! I say, stranger!"

"Well, what's up? Where are ye? Oh, there you are. Are you hurt badly?"

"No matter 'bout me jest yet. I kin wait. But I reckon somebody oughter take care of that gal yonder. She's got a fit o' faintin'. That man there is Col. Heywood. He commanded our boys. He was shot yisterday about the time I was. He lived an hour or two, but never spoke."

Hiram needed no quickening as soon as he saw Alice. Lifting her tenderly in his arms, he carried her back to the edge of a small stream that crossed the road but a little back, and then he bathed her face freely.

"Poor child, I guess you've got about the worst wound yit. Alice! Alice! Poor thing, her heart's broke. I allus suspected how 'twas. There—there—that's right; open your eyes. Gracious! don't groan so—don't, child! It'll all be right, poor little thing!"

As she revived, Alice looked at Hiram in a scared and bewildered way. Little by little her memory came with consciousness.

"Hiram, let me go back."

"Why, Alice, don't," said Hiram, in a coaxing way, at the same time drawing her gently by the hand.

"Hiram, I *must* go to him. He is *not* dead! If we only go quick he will come to. Do go, Hiram—do go!"

It was not in human nature to resist. A short walk brought them again to Heywood. The moment they reached his feet, with sudden revulsion of feeling, Alice stopped short.

"Hiram, he *is* dead! He will never speak again! Oh how noble! Is he not beautiful?"

"Why, Alice, I didn't know as he was in love with you!"

Had he pierced her with a sword she could not have shown a face of anguish such as she instantly exhibited. Then, in a low and half whispered tone she said—a slight color coming to her pale cheek:

"No—he did not love me. But I loved him. And now he never will know it. Oh, Hiram, he was good and noble!"

After a moment's pause she said artlessly:

"You don't think it was wrong, do you, Hiram? I am not sorry. I am not ashamed of it. He was very noble!"

"Lord bless you, child, it was all right, poor thing—it was jest as right as it could be."

Hiram pulled out a cotton handkerchief, which he carried in his hat, and after hemming and coughing a little, and dabbing it first to one eye and then to the other, he began, he did not exactly know why, to wipe his hat; an operation less needful, as it was a straw hat.

Alice sat down by Heywood, apparently unconscious that any one was present. Her thoughts were like an unloosed boat, with no one at the rudder, which turns round and round in the tide, and drifts just as the wind or undercurrents impel it—a boat upon a troubled water and under a dark sky.

"Oh, cruel, cruel! to pick the fairest and noblest! The wicked and ugly have escaped, and he is gone, so good! so good!—Eyes that shall never see again—lips that shall never speak—hands which are death cold! So true—so beautiful—so good! He *was* good! Hush! he stirred! Hiram?"

Hiram had tact enough not to oppose Alice, and humoring her idea that Heywood was only in a swoon, he said:

"I guess, Miss Cathcart, we better take him over, and let the doctors see if anything can be done for him. Mebbe he'll come to."

"Oh, yes! Hiram, dear Hiram, do take him to the camp."

"Well, if you'll go back, I'll see to 't. You can't be no help here, and you may be over there."

Directing some of the ambulance men to remove the body, he led Alice away to Rose.

In a sunny field, close up under the edge of a grove, and about half way between Little Round Top and the bridge across the Rock Creek, of the Baltimore turnpike, a grave was prepared. A chaplain from the sixth corps, of his own church, read the solemn burial service. Three women, half a dozen men, stood around. The roar of distant cannon was the only response.

The sun fell warm in the very grave. Rose had plucked from the near trees some burnished oak-leaves; and hastily plaiting them to a wreath, laid them on Heywood's breast. Thus fell one who hated the war, but was swept into it by the turbulent tide of revolution which he had not strength to resist.

Agate Bissell proposed to Rose that they should send Alice to the farm-house of old father Lobdell, where they had spent Wednesday night. But all thoughts of planning for her comfort were laid aside when they saw Alice's conduct.

After she returned to the hospital, she arranged her apparel with more than common care, stepped forth calmly, but firmly to her merciful duties. Her face was serene but without smiles. Her care and pity, always striking, had in them now an austere tenderness that struck the rudest men with awe and admiration, as if an inspired priestess were among them. Nor, to the end, did Alice ever mention Heywood's name, nor for one waking hour, did she ever forget it!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PLAYING PORTER.

"It's of no use crying, Nannie. If it wasn't for your own [illegible] own way mostly all your life. you have your [illegible] you to this George Hillworth, it's what I can't do, and what I won't. You'll thank me for it some day, if you don't know enough to be grateful now. So wipe away your tears, and fall in love with the right sort of a fellow, with a good farm to take you to, and I'll say yes, and give you to him with something in your pocket. As for the schoolmaster, I wonder at his impudence. I do indeed."

Whereupon Farmer Tanweather lighted his pipe and began to smoke, as though the matter had been finally adjusted. But Nannie Tanweather did not so consider it. She stood crying near a window, her pretty black hair rumpled and her face all flushed and swollen. Five minutes before she had seen her lover, the village schoolmaster, whose pupil she had been throughout the winter months, walk disconsolately down the garden path, pocketting her father's utter refusal of him for a son-in-law with a very bad grace. And since that moment the world had seemed a very miserable place to her. Not marry her dear George Hillworth, who, if he had not a penny to bless himself with, had what she considered far more valuable—the handsomest face that she had ever seen. Not marry George, who loved her so, and whom she had made up her mind to marry. Even yet little Nannie Tanweather couldn't believe it.

"Oh, father, *don't* be so cross," she sobbed again. "If George is poor, I am—or, rather, you are—rich; and you can let him live here, and give him half the farm, you know; and then he'll be as rich as anybody."

"If you warn't a gal, I should be tempted to call you a darned fool," said the farmer, with his teeth set over his pipe. "Go and help your marm wash the dishes, and be thankful you an't left to your own direction. The schoolmaster indeed; ha! ha!"

"He 'knows' ever so much," sobbed Nannie.

"Let him know it," said the farmer. "These booklarnt folks never do make money. I don't know more'n to read and write and cast accounts, and look at me. Go and help your marm, Nannie. I'll find you another husband, never you fear. Gals with cheeks like your'n don't die old maids."

Nannie saw that it was no use to argue with her father; but to "help her marm wash dishes" was not the sort of comfort she desired. She shut herself in her own room instead, and cried as though her heart would break. "Die an old maid!" Oh, little her father knew of her heart, she sobbed, with that belief in her own constancy which is so very strong at sixteen; little her father knew. Not marrying George, she would never marry any one else as long as she lived—never, never, never. And then Nannie made up her mind to die of consumption as speedily as possible. She was extremely romantic; but, being a good, obedient girl, and under age, she had no thought of disobeying her father. She returned the ring she had worn in secret for six months, and the letters which were so very dear to her. She wrote one little note telling George that she never would forget him, and that her heart should never be given to any one else; besought him in a postcript, to visit her early grave, and shed a few tears over it; signed herself his "broken-hearted Nannie," and so parted with the man she really loved very tenderly, and who would have been, despite his present want of wealth, a good husband for any girl whom he might have chosen.

Farmer Tanweather, however, thought himself wondrously wise, and though he had, as he declared, "nothing against the youngster," looked upon the offer of a penniless man's hand and heart to the little heiress of the Tanweather farm as something like an insult.

George Hillworth was a man of honor. He knew that a girl of sixteen could not properly marry without the consent of her parents, and he did not urge her to disobey them. He felt very wretched, but not quite as hopeless as Nannie; and, without quite giving her up, accepted his repulse for the present; and finding his position unpleasant, gave up the school and went away to seek his fortune—a thing a smart young Yankee of sober habits seldom seeks in vain.

"Don't quite forget me," he wrote word to Nannie, on the eve of his departure. "If you'll only wait long enough, I'll come to claim you with something besides slate pencils in my pocket. The old gentleman don't object to me on any other score; and if you love me as I love you, Nannie, you'll be my dear little wife yet."

And Nannie treasured these words a long, long while. But she had no more to keep her in good heart, and soon she heard that George Hillworth had gone to California; and after that he dropped out of sight and hearing as though he had never been.

It was hard for Nannie to bear—very, very hard. She grew thin and lost her color. She would have written poetry but for the difficulty in finding rhymes. She read sentimental stories and cried a great deal, and for a while she snubbed every young fellow who came to the house with "sparking" ideas in his head.

But a girl of sixteen could not keep up this sort of thing long. In a year she was pretty much herself again. She coquetted a little. She dressed herself with care. She looked prettier than ever. At her work you heard her singing like a bird. Still, despite this, she was constant to her absent lover, and as time brought her more than one offer, she steadily refused them all.

"I could not marry the man I chose," she said, "and I will not marry any one I do not like because others choose him."

And in that second phase of her constancy she remained five years, so that people began to say that Farmer Tanweather's heiress would die an old maid, after all, for love of the banished schoolmaster.

The thing was a decided fact in every one's mind when young Harry Clinton came home to Sparrow Hill, and threw the place in commotion by the exhibition of the most elegant wardrobe and the greatest variety of accomplishments ever possessed by any resident of the place. The pet son of the richest man within miles of the Hill, belonging to a family who had scarcely condescended to associate with plain farmers, it was something to talk of when he, with his Parisian completeness of attire, his musical abilities, and his smattering of many languages, made himself sociable amongst the young folks of the neighborhood—was seen at pic-nics and corn-huskings—at singing school and Sparrow Hill Lyceum lectures—and condescended to flirt with the prettiest of the pretty girls in a scientific way which quite distanced all the blooming young farmers, who came prepared to conquer, in their best coats and stiffest collars, and found themselves snubbed and slighted.

He had no regard for the solemn rules of the place. That Tilly Stubbs and Hiram Hodge were "keeping steady company" did not prevent him from evincing admiration for Tilly if he chose.

He enraged "engaged" young men and husbands of blooming young wives by his manners. Yet, after all, he did nothing with which they could find fault openly; and though more than one had uttered secret threats of vengeance, he was apparently on friendly terms with every one, when it was finally decided that he was actually "paying attention to Nannie Tanweather."

Nannie had grown very handsome in all these years, and had improved in every way; and certainly she was by far the finest girl in the place.

Had she been poorer, perhaps his own family would have made more objection to the indul[illegible] very rich, and Nannie would some day have all; so, after the first breeze of surprise, the Clintons allowed matters to take their own course.

It was not so at the farm-house, however. There this wooing of young Clinton's was much discussed by the elders, and much thought of by Nannie herself. The two old people were ambitious for their girl, and this was a match to be proud of. They talked it over, coaxing Nannie, flattering her, promising her anything she might desire if she would but listen kindly to Harry Clinton; and she, though she declared that, come what would, she would never have any one, was, after all, not quite sure of her own mind.

George Hillworth had certainly either forgotten her, or was dead, or hopeless of winning her, after all, and it might be even in all these years that he had chosen another wife.

The old folks tried hard to make her believe this; and it was not improbable. Besides, the prospect of being an old maid is never so wild at one-and-twenty as at sixteen. Nannie wept and thought herself the most inconstant girl in the world; but, despite all this, Harry Clinton was so handsome, and said such tender things, and looked so adoringly into her eyes, and was so different from any one she had ever seen—for, though George was handsome, he was a little shabby as a general thing—that she felt herself greatly drawn toward him. She struggled a good while, to do her justice. She even refused Harry once on the plea that she could only give him half her heart. But he persisted, and if a man persists long enough he is sure to have the girl he wants, unless his rival is upon the ground to combat the point with him; and her parents urged her acceptance of this lover, and girls envied her, and it would be something to be Mrs. Clinton; and finally Nannie Tanweather succumbed and plighted her troth to Harry Clinton.

After that she knew the only thing she could do was to make the best of it, and she wore her diamond engagement ring very happily, and was proud of her lover's good looks and high position, though she knew what her parents never guessed: That the schoolmaster with his seedy coat, white often at the elbows, was ten times the man that Harry Clinton was, and loved her an hundred times more truly. He was not quite so handsome, or nearly so elegant, but he was the better man and had the greater heart of the two, as poor little Nannie knew.

Now that she was "engaged," however, she crushed this thought down and made blithe preparations for her wedding and took pleasure in her new clothes and in the presents bounteously bestowed by her approving relatives, and in being seen upon the arm of her elegant lover, in a manner calculated to shock any romantic young lady who approves of broken hearts and constancy, as Nannie did when cruel fate parted her from George Hillworth.

At last the preparations were all made and the wedding day arrived. The guests were invited, and such a supper made ready as had not been seen before at any wedding on Sparrow Hill.

The bridegroom's aristocratic mamma and sisters had condescended to grace the festivities, and on that evening the bride was ready dressed and the bridesmaids also. The happy man had arrived, the parlor was full to overflowing, the supper ready, and everything complete save for one unfortunate circumstance: this was the delay of the clergyman. It was a very singular thing. Old Dr. Miller was always very punctual. Even if he were ill he would surely send some one else to perform the ceremony. So people waited, feeling it a little ominous that such a thing should happen, not only for an hour, but for two and three, and even four. It was midwinter and the snow fell fast, but neither cold nor snow had ever kept Dr. Miller from a wedding before. The final decision was that he had been taken dangerously ill—too ill to speak or think about Nannie's dilemma.

He would not come that night it was at length decided unanimously. It would be impossible, and there was nothing to be done, for it was too late to send to the next village for another clergyman; and finally the bridegroom settled the affair to every one's satisfaction by declaring that they should dance all night and go over in their sleighs to the clergyman's in the morning.

So the supper having waited long enough, the bride and bridesmaids were brought down and the dainties partaken of with many jests and a great affectation of merriment which no one felt.

Before the feast was over a sleigh was heard to jingle up to the door and stop there. But instead of greeting the delinquent clergyman, Farmer Tanweather, who had gone out to meet him, found a dark-bearded man shaking the snow from his great overcoat upon the porch, and was astonished by a grasp of the hand and a burst of congratulations.

"You don't know me, I see," said the stranger. "I am George Hillworth. I heard of the wedding an hour ago, and presumed upon old acquaintance to present myself to offer my congratulations. Let byegones be byegones, Mr. Tanweather. I should like to shake Nannie's hand and wish her joy."

The farmer was a little startled, but he had always liked George as a man, and only disapproved of him for a son-in-law. He told him how matters stood and invited him in. And Nannie under the circumstances had sense enough not to shriek or faint when her old lover stood before her.

She turned pale it is true, but pallor is becoming in a bride.

What George felt it was hard to tell. He was master of his face, and his brown beard and bronzed skin helped him to conceal his emotions, if he had any he cared to hide. He conversed gaily. He joined in the dance, and he was the first to propose a game of forfeits. People rather hailed him as one not under the influence of the awkward state of things, and not disposed to regard the postponement of the wedding.

The grand point of a game of forfeits is, as every one knows, the redeeming them.

Despite the postponement of the nuptials, there really was a good deal of enjoyment when it came to putting pretty girls in corners and making candlesticks of them, and in various other ways devising plans for the exchange of kisses. At last it came to playing "porter," and one after the other had taken the post—the young men always sending for the girls they liked best, and the girls for those who were most indifferent to them, before George Hillworth was called out and imprudently sent a message to the bride. It was a more impudent thing than the majority of the guests or the bridegroom either knew. Though the latter flushed and said, "By Jove!" and for a moment bethought him to keep Nannie from going to receive a kiss, if he could.

After all, it would seem only like jealousy, he thought. And Nannie, feeling frightened and confused, went out, after some delay, wondering if George sent for her to prove how little he cared for forgetfulness of him.

But, once in the dark hall, she knew better. A great hand clasped her's, and George's voice whispered:

"Nannie, do you love him better than you do me?"

And all that Nannie could say was:

"Oh, George, if you could not come sooner, why did you come at all?"

"You promised to be patient," said George.

"But you seemed to have forgotten," said [illegible]

"You *don't* like him the best, Nannie," said George. "Listen, my dear. You are of age now and the case is desperate for me. I'm not as rich as that fellow you know, though I'm no longer poor. So, if you'd rather have him, I'll —go and send the reverend gentleman who is locked up in his own stable. I couldn't let him come until I had seen you, Nannie; and it was such a tempting thing to turn the key as he was kneeling with his back to the horses. He had just told me about your wedding—my first hint of it. If you say so, I'll do it. If not, my sleigh is at the door, and *our* minister is awaiting us at C———."

Nannie gave a little frightened cry; but let him kiss her.

* * * * * *

"By Jove! they stay out there," said Harry Clinton.

A few minutes after, pulling open the door of the parlor—but the hall was empty, the outer door wide open, and the snow drifting in; while far away they heard a faint jingle of sleigh-bells!

"It's a joke; they're hiding somewhere," said one.

But Farmer Tanweather guessed the truth:

"They've run away together, Nan and that fellow. She always liked him best," he said.

And he was right; for, by that time, the pair were far upon their way; and, before they were overtaken, were fairly married.

It has been said by those who know that Nannie never has regretted playing "porter," and that George makes her an excellent husband. And certain it is that the parental forgiveness was speedily accorded; and that Harry Clinton, not long after, proved that his heart was not quite broken, by espousing a lady far more to the liking of his aristocratic friends than Nannie Tanweather.

Nothing Durable but Good Deeds.

I shall not, therefore, be ambitious of a rich mausoleum after my death, for the repose of my body; nor do I desire a stately sepulchre, a beautiful urn, or that my name or actions should be engraven in marble; I know this, that if I shall be miserable and unhappy hereafter, they will be but for my greater shame and reproach. Out of this life I can carry nothing but my good works; I will not add unto my evil ones that of vain glory; I will take heed whereon I set my heart, since the accomplishing of what I wish may be a punishment of my desires; if those things of the earth, which I most love and desire should continue long, be taken from me, it is a chastisement of my earthly affection; and if I be permitted to enjoy them, I am fearful that they may be the temporal reward of some good work, which may either diminish or deprive me of the eternal.

Almsgiving.—It is the *will* that gives worth to the oblation. The poorest giver, therefore, as to God's acceptance may be upon a level with the richest. Nor is this all; but, so perfectly does the value of all charitable acts take its measure and proportion from the will, and from the fullness of *heart* rather than the fullness of the *hand*, that a less supply may often be a greater charity. The widow's mite, in the balance of the sanctuary, outweighs the shekels and the talents of the opulent.

Cowardice.—Every man capable of doing a secret injustice, is a coward. He will shrink, shuffle, and equivocate, but if held by the firm grasp of truth and courage, cannot escape an ignominious exposure.

"The brave man is not he who knows no fear,
For that were brutish and unnatural;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues
And boldly dares the danger nature shrinks from."

SIX MONTHS.

BY MRS. C. H. N. THOMAS.

Six months ago, no foot of ground,
In all the earth we called our own;
To-day, one little spot is ours,
Where two sweet children, weary grown,
Are lying in a dreamless rest;
We weep, yet say, "God knoweth best!"

Six months ago, o'er all our plot
The wild grass waved, so fresh and green;
When spring shall come, we'll plant the first
And fairest flowers to bloom therein:
Till then God covers it with snow,
And over it His free winds blow.

Six months ago, a level space
Where children might have wandered free,
Was ours; but now two mounds arise,
One four feet long and one but three,
And whereso'er we dwell or roam
This spot we still must call our home.

Six months to come! Oh, who can tell
What other changes may be found!
What other mounds may then arise
To fill this consecrated ground?
Six months to come! What other rest
Than this—*God knoweth what is best?*

THE FAITHFUL SERF.

BY FRAULINE FRIE.

CHAPTER I.

"I beg to differ with you, my lord Baron," said Admiral Ulski.

"How? you deny that it is to culture that the noblest qualities of the soul are due?"

"Not so," replied the admiral, as he slowly drew the stem of a lotus lily from its fellows in an ivory stand, and began to slip it caressingly through his fingers—"Not so. I only contend that the lower you go in the scale of intelligent creatures the more genuine you find those qualities, and the purer the instincts."

"The instincts, doubtless," said the baron, with a shrug; "but the sentiments of the heart, you surely do not mean that the peasant excels the prince in the expression of these!"

"Assuredly. The faith of the Indian is matter of history, the gratitude of a Bedouin is a proverb, and an English peasant never lies; but when did a statesman or a potentate keep faith beyond expediency?"

"Then," interposed the baron, "to progress downward is to arrive at Truth. Well, it is said that the coy maiden resides in a well."

"Nature is Truth," responded the admiral. "The untutored man is what God intended man tutored should be; but education, instead of developing the flower of sincerity, has imparted shrewdness and subtlety. The first taste of knowledge was sin."

"And thereupon the tree should have been hewn down," remarked the baron, with another skeptical shrug. "You approve the emperor's *ukase?*" he asked, sententiously.

"It has my heartiest approval."

"Then, my Lord Admiral," exclaimed the baron, speaking with abrupt sharpness, and emphasizing the words with a thwack of the fist upon the table, "you are one among thousands of noblemen."

"There is much truth," said General Langsof, who had hitherto maintained silence, "in that English maxim, 'just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.' If one possesses integrity, purity, and other exalted virtues by nature, cultivation may increase them, and *vice versa.*"

"Ah, I perceive," said the admiral, "that it is difficult to argue against the prejudices of caste; but my conviction is founded upon an experience which, if you knew, might justify it in your eyes."

"Would you relate the experience?" [illegible] General Langsof.

"Yes," echoed the baron, "relate the youthful reminiscence. It may convince us that society, like a shadow in the water, is upside down."

Admiral Ulski pulled his gray moustache and gazed into the pellucid cup of the lily, then faltered:

"It is a painful reminiscence, but——"

"We excuse you," was the simultaneous exclamation from both gentlemen.

"But it may be told," continued the admiral. He turned to the servant behind his chair, and, speaking in Russian, for the conversation had been carried on in French, ordered him to remove.

The servants noiselessly took away the cups of *café noir* and the gold baskets of fruit, leaving the vases of flowers in the centre of the table where, according to custom, they had been placed when the party sat down to dinner. They placed at the right of the gentlemen an *étui* of cigars, fresh bottles of *Cliquot*, and those tall, funnel-shaped glasses from which a Russian insists upon drinking his champagne; then, at a signal from their master, they withdrew, the chief functionary bending low in obeisance as he dropped the tapestry to the floor.

Silence reigned during a brief time in the apartment. Baron Von Bruü stretched his long legs beneath the table, settled himself back in his luxurious chair like a man who had enjoyed a dinner and was quite ready for a good story, but with his half-shut eyes fixed critically upon the admiral's face. The general, with a soldier's enthusiasm, had caught sight, on the removal of the cloth, of the Fort of Sainte-Croix, mosaiced in malachite upon the table, and was already defining its lines. The host himself, whose warmth of argument had drawn him into the position of a story-teller, appeared self-occupied, his looks absently fastened upon the lily which he still held.

The room was a fit place for imparting a state secret or an *escapade.* It was small, of octagon shape, six sides of which were hung with yellow velvet tapestry wrought in black arabesque, the seventh and eighth sides formed the two leaves of a glass door, bow-shaped, which gave entrance upon a conservatory. This door was now thrown back into its setting, and the opulent odor of the flowers floated past and mingled with the aroma of the wines. Opposite the glass door, and nearly side by side, stood two bronze statues; one showed the grizzly features of Peter Alexiowitz, the other the no less stern but captivating face of his beautiful czarina. Above the table, a chandelier, cut like a star, whose [illegible] points bristled with hundreds of wax candles, diffused a flood of mellow light over the glittering service, the sheeny yellow hangings, the rare flowers, and the dark, bearded faces of the three men.

The baron, with his half-shut eyes upon the host, turned impatiently in his seat, but presumed not to hasten him. Not thus the general, who, having finished the inter-linear portion of the parapet, with his finger-nail resting at the point of the bastion, looked across and exclaimed:

"The story, my friend."

The admiral lifted his eyes and began:

"You both know that twenty years ago I lost a daughter."

The guests exchanged a glance. One paled, the other grew red, but neither found voice to utter a syllable.

"My daughter," continued the admiral, his voice [illegible] as he proceeded—"my only child, as St. Petersburg knew—vanished from our midst, at midday, in this very palace. The day of her disappearance was to have been her wedding-day. Her betrothed, that brave nobleman, Ludoff Navori, the most popular of the young nobles, had been implicated in the treason of the unfortunate Prince M——. You remember the arrest of the prince and of his friends—accomplices they were called—and their fate—two to death, two to the knout, and one, with confiscated estates, to banishment. That one was Navori. I saw him between a double file of soldiers pass out of the city on the way to Siberia, but was not permitted to speak with him. I came home to comfort Ursula. She listened calmly to what I said of the young man's looks and bearing, thanked me, kissed me, and said she would go into the oratory to pray. She went, and I saw her no more, neither did any person in the palace see her after she quitted me.

"I cannot describe my wife's terror and grief when we found our child was missing. The police were summoned, and we began a systematic and thorough search. Every part of the palace,—each room, cabinet, corridor and closet was examined; the crypts in the cellar and the wine-vaults were explored with torches; the pantries and offices of the *cuisine*, the nooks within the oriel windows, even the angles of the wall around the gardens were investigated; every wardrobe was turned inside out, all the tapestry hangings were removed, but not a trace did we discover of Ursula. Of her many articles of dress only one of value was missing, and that was a cloak of sable fur. Her jewelry and dresses were in their places. The *trousseau*, which had been sent from Paris, was disposed in this room—then her private parlor. The dress-racks and chairs were strewn with glossy satins of violet and rose, with crimson and purple velvets, with gauzes like mist and laces which depended against the hangings like white clouds upon the sky; scarfs, ribbons, bonnets in all the elegance which French art alone can conjure, covered the tables and lined the walls. The *parure*, Ludoff's gift, remained intact in the morocco cases. Not a gem had been disturbed. The emerald and diamond necklace, the coronet of pearls and diamonds, the ear-rings, bracelets, and cincture with its ruby clasp, were sparkling in their soft beds. Even her betrothal ring was found in its box—the ring which I saw upon her finger when she entered the oratory. See, I put it on my little finger that morning, and have ever since worn it."

The admiral slipped off the heavy circlet of gold and passed it to the baron, who read inscribed thereon, *Ludoff to Ursula, Jan.* 5, 18—, and passed it on to the general for a moment's inspection, and back to the admiral, who placed it on his finger and continued:

"From the palace we prosecuted the search into the city and the country beyond, but not a clue was found to Ursula's hiding place. But did she, indeed, hide, or had she madly attempted to follow Navori; or, more probable, had she, overcome with despair at her lover's fate, destroyed herself? By the Imperial order, I was permitted to send a detachment of troops after the soldiers, who were conducting Navori toward the great plains. The men overtook the soldiers with their prisoner; but, though they brought back news that Navori's servant, who had implored permission to follow his master and share his exile, had already deserted him, they learned nothing of Ursula.

"As time past, I gave up search and relinquished hope. I believed that my child was dead. But my wife would not entertain that belief. Sinking, herself, under the double stroke of disease and sorrow, and rapidly drawing towards her own grave, she maintained to the last perfect faith in her daughter's rectitude. No woman, she was used to say, willingly gave up her hold upon life. Murdered her child might have been, but not self-destroyed. She believed that Ursula would be restored.

"It was in March that Navori was banished and Ursula lost, and in the following June I [illegible] slave, Tek. He was the son of Ursula's [illegible] into her special service. He had loved his mistress, and had obeyed her with the faithfulness of a dog; but when she disappeared, instead of manifesting his grief in loud lamentations and tears as the other servants had done, he had been stubbornly mute. He asked no questions about his mistress, seemed not even to hear when spoken to of her, but began to go about muttering to himself, often absently stopping in his work to sit down and muse. In his sleep, his bed-fellow had more than once heard him utter the name of Ursula, coupled with bitter self-upbraidings. This was told me after he had gone; but, knowing his affection, I thought that it was only a proof of a troubled mind; and though I ordered a search for him, I did not press it, thinking he would of his own accord return; but we saw him no more. In physique Tek was a monster. His face, hands and body were covered with red hair as thick as fur; his grip was like the hug of a bear, his body unwieldy, and his heavy, ursine face a clear type of the Samarovan tribes, of the mountains, whence he sprang; but, though figurate of the animal, his eye redeemed the man. A soul looked out of that, and the deep sagacious glance spoke its integrity. I know a man or a woman by the eye. Bonaparte, the *bête noir* whom we burned off our boundaries, picked his men by the size of the nose; but whatever force of character that feature may indicate, it is the eye alone that marks singleness of heart, and Tek's had always inspired me with trust. I say this because, as time passed and he did not return, it was darkly hinted to me that he might have had something to do with the death of his lady. I doubted and discouraged the suspicion.

"My wife faded before my sight, and died within the year; and then, weary of scenes which only served to feed my sorrow with painful thought, I visited the cities of the world,—the holy city, and lingered in the haunts sacred to the blessed Mother and the blessed Son. I sweltered under the extra tropics, and looked at night upon the fiery Southern Cross. I breathed the burning breath of the equator, and again inhaled the intoxicating airs of the spice islands of distant seas. I ascended the mountains of India, pierced her savage jungles, and threaded her winding rivers. Fascinated by the grace of Nature and the charms of novelty, I wandered far and farther until I penetrated the golden Orient itself, passed its shining bars, and across the Pacific found the New World of the west—the El Dorado of men.

"At the expiration of ten years I found myself by chance upon the bounderies of the American Russias. I was in a transport ship bound from San Francisco to Okhots. The vessel fell into the currents of the thermal stream, which flows north-east, and a fierce wind coming on drove us inland. We came in sight of the smoking mountain which throws its giant shadow across the pénninsula; nearer, but indistinct through the hazy distance, lay the island and town of Sitka. An indescribable longing to stop there took possession of my heart. I offered the captain a thousand rubles to set me on shore; he acceded to my offer, and the next day I entered the bay of Sitka—a sheet of water as calm as a pool."

CHAPTER II.

"I may not now," resumed the Admiral, after he had refilled and quaffed his glass—"I may not dilate upon the auspices of that great antipodal territory; I may not dwell upon its resources of wealth—its minerals, furs, fisheries, timber and ivory. Look," and he moved one of the carved vases nearer the Baron, "this is a specimen of the walrus' tooth; observe its susceptibility of the artist's skill! Some other time I will inform you of the country.

"I had been in Sitka a month, and had made daily excursions into the country, examining its flora and exploring its forests. One day I had ridden farther than usual; it was a cold, dark evening, clouds filled with sleet hung low against the watery horizon and the rumbling wind foreboded a storm. I was returning home on a slow canter, when, as my horse made a *détour* of a swampy inlet, overhung with willows, I saw a man spring under the branches and pass swiftly on between the boles of the trees as if wishing to escape notice. The face had been concealed, but the figure was one that I well knew, although I had not seen it for years. I drove my spur up to the rowel in the horse's flank: a dozen bounds carried me across the intervening gap to the man's side and revealed his face. My God! it was the face of Tek! I remembered the accusations of the servants; it was guilt then that had made him attempt to shun me. I beheld the evidence of it in his conscious eye, that betrayed a power secret and adverse to me, and yet a power which at the moment seemed to raise the low-born serf to my own level. Maddened with rage, I leaped from the saddle, with one hand grasped his shoulder, with the other presented a pistol to his breast, and ground out between my teeth:

"'Beast! where is my daughter?'

"The slave returned my look of fury with a calm gaze; it was a masterful eye that looked back into mine—cool, steady, the man might have felled me to the ground, but he replied:

"'The lady Ursula is in the town.'

"'*Here!* in Sitka?' I cried, in trembling tones.

"'Yes, my lord.'

"'How did she get here—across the steppes of Siberia, across the ocean?' I demanded.

"'My lord, you had best ask my lady herself,' he answered.

"'*You* brought her here, you damnable villain!' I shouted.

"'My lord,' he replied in his tranquil voice, 'will you ask your daughter? I will conduct you to her.'

"I wanted to kill him; I burned for his blood—the man who stood there boldly avowing his knowledge of my child's retreat—but checked the purpose only to execute it in Ursula's presence. I mounted; he led silently on, and I rode after. My eye, which never for an instant quitted him, took in his change of garb—the gray fez and muxy smock of the serf had been displaced by the coat and cap of the gentleman, which well consorted with his upright bearing and free tread. He took the way toward the government house and stopped, not fifty rods from it, before a low wooden building, screened by a clump of firs.

"'The lady Ursula is within,' he said, opening the door with his old salutation; 'enter, my lord.'

"I sprang from the horse, and ordering Tek to follow, walked through a dark passage to the room beyond. This room was evidently the best one in the house. A carpet of fox-skin covered the centre of the floor; there was a table spread over with a piece of Gobelin tapestry, on which lay a guitar and numerous books. A crucifix hung against the wall, and near it was suspended a sable cloak. Two long benches, cushioned with the skin similar to that on the floor, constituted the seats, and upon one of these sat Ursula. The rose-tint of health and happiness glowed upon her cheek. She held on her lap a beautiful child—hers, I knew, by its fair hair and blue eyes—to whom she had been talking in a mother's sweet language, and who still laughed and clapped its hands responsive to the mother's endearing epithets. Ursula, hearing the steps, had turned her head, and on seeing me had started to her feet, putting down the child, and had rushed forward with outstretched arms and beaming eyes. [illegible] arm's length. The child [illegible] dress began to weep aloud.

"'Whose child is that?' I demanded.

"'Mine, father!' she answered, making an effort to embrace me and striving to lift her lips nearer to mine.

"'But who is its father?'

"'*Ludoff Navori*—my husband!'"

CHAPTER III.

"And how did Navori escape?" asked the general, who was leaning with folded arms upon the table in fixed attention.

"Rather, how did the lady Ursula happen in Sitka?" inquired the baron, with a sip at his sweet wine.

"In this wise," replied the admiral: "Navori's servant drugged the soldiers, and while they slept he exchanged clothes with his master, who escaped in his dress. The night before Navori quitted St. Petersburg he had acquainted Ursula through Tek, who, being a slave, had been admitted to him, of his plan of escape. She declared her determination to join him, and he directed Tek to bring his mistress to Archangel, where he would meet her, and where, together, they might embark and seek a passage through the icy waters of the Arctic for Sitka.

"Why did he go there?" interposed General Langsof.

"Because the Administrator General was his uncle."

"But how did the lady Ursula escape from this palace—from under your watchful eyes?" inquired the baron.

"When Ursula left the oratory she passed through her suit of rooms until she came to this, and here—behold!" said the admiral. He rose and, crossing the room, lifted the yellow tapestry which hung between the two imperial statues. "See his mark of the cross on the wall," he added; "it was through this cross that she escaped."

The two guests followed, and bent to observe the faintly traced lines.

"This cross," continued the admiral, "escaped notice when the tapestry of this room was taken down; but see what it conceals!"

He pressed his nail against it, a bolt flew back, and a crevice appeared along the wall; by a slight pressure of the knee, a door sprang open upon the darkness beyond. The admiral returned to the table, took a candle from its socket in the chandelier, and, with the light in his hand preceded the others into the secret apartment. It was a circular cabinet, with a spiral staircase winding up and down through the centre.

"It was in this place," said the admiral, "that Ursula hid until she was ready to fly. These stairs wind to the top of the palace, where a window admits the light, and the floor below, where a door opens through the garden wall directly upon the street. Through that door Tek conveyed to her the intelligence that she needed, and through that door did the brave girl go forth upon her long journey 'round the Arctic circle."

"And was your daughter the only person who possessed a knowledge of this secret apartment?" inquired the baron, as he peered down the dark, narrow chasm of stairs.

"She alone had discovered it, and kept her secret until she needed to confide it to Tek. This palace was not a direct inheritance—it came to me as a gift from a distant relative, and I had then lately occupied it; but, if you please, we will return to the table," said the admiral.

"By all means," acquiesced the baron, with a shudder, "let's quit this; it reminds one of the *inferno.*"

The seats were resumed, and the admiral again took up his story.

"Ursula, having escaped in company with Tek, travelled in a drosky, and on the back of a mule to Archangel. Arriving there, and finding that Navori had not come, she resolved to carry out his plan. Passage was secured on board a ship ready to sail in the pursuit of seal, and whose captain, for the promise of a large reward, agreed to convey them 'round the savage north coast to their destination. The ship was delayed until the last of June, when, apprehensive that Navori, through fear of detection, had taken another course, Ursula urged its departure, and they embarked. The passage down the White Sea was smooth and prosperous, and they passed securely into that vast body of waters which roll about the North Pole, and which, broken by promontories of ice and studded with its floating drift, appall even the stoutest fisherman. The ship made but little progress during the first weeks of the voyage. Fogs obscured the Straits of Brasho and detained them, and head-winds impeded their course; this was unfortunate, for every day was precious, as it was important to future safety that the vessel should pass North Point Cape before August; but the thirteenth day of that month had elapsed before they made the hazardous point and turned the prow of the ship due east. Here the dark blue waste spread around them, unenlivened by a passing sail and almost unvisited by the venturesome sea-bird. At the right lay the bleak sea-marge of Siberia; at the left, the glittering white line which proclaimed the fearful neighborhood of the frozen continent. The solitude seemed exhaustless and the cold was extreme; for, although the sun still remained eighteen hours upon the southern sky, its heat did not appear to penetrate those fierce latitudes. But the nights lengthened and the days began to diminish. The ship neared the Malai Islands; at the north of these, fields of ice choked the passage; at the south, projected the dangerous shoals of the Liaghoff. Slowly these banks were skirted, and the security of the open sea again attained. It was at this place that appeared one of those phenomenons in nature which agitate and alarm the ignorant, but which exalt the intelligent and believing mind toward the Infinite, whose hand balances the forces of nature, and makes beautiful the law of cause and effect—it was the Aurora Borealis. After midnight Ursula had heard the cries of the sailors and their exclamations of fear. The light was so intense that she thought it day. She rose, and, with the ever-watchful Tek by her side, sought the deck. The men there were upon their knees, their ghastly faces turned toward the sublime spectacle.

"A wall of lurid light appeared built across the northern sky, and from this ruddy fabric volumes of flame ascended and recoiled; fiery tongues darted up, to sink and reäppear as spears and swords, which, in their turn, gave place to glowing pillars or battlements, to files of red soldiery, and chariots. To the east and to the west stretched the baleful lights, ever changing in form, but ever renewing their splendors as they arose. The zenith was aglow with the fire, and the lonely ship, sitting on those lone waters, turned like them to the color of blood. Ursula gazed with awed delight upon the scene; but Tek, overcome by its grandeur and the superstitious fear of his class, murmured, as he helped his mistress down the gang-way:

"'It is a very bad sign, my lady; all the men say that the "*merry dancers*" never come out but to dance over somebody's open grave.'

"A few days after this, a snow-storm came on. The snow sifted like powder through the air; it accumulated upon the deck and, driven by the wind, entered the cabin and even the berths. The surrounding atmosphere seemed packed with the dense falling body, and the light of heaven darkened. Unable to guide the ship through the blinding storm, the captain lay [illegible] it might abate; but when that occurred, they found themselves encompassed [illegible] floe had drifted upon them during the obscurity of the storm, had gradually enclosed the ship within its icy embrace, and was slowly towing it onward. The action of the heavy body of ice soon told upon the ship, and the falling spars and wrenching of timbers warned the frightened souls on board to seek safety upon the floe. They transported to it their provisions, cooking utensils, blankets, cots, hatchets, and nautical instruments. They had plenty of salted mutton, and they preserved the broken spars and fragments of the ship with which to cook it. The captain assured them that they were not far from Behring Straits, and comforted them with the hope of being picked up by a fishing vessel. But the ice slowly drifted upon its aqueous bed. days and nights succeeded each other, and neither ship nor land appeared in view.

"And now comes that part of the narrative which involves a proof of my argument. Tek, whose services hitherto had been confined to duties remote from the person of his mistress, had become by circumstances her confidant and friend; nay, more than that, he now became the savior of her life. His love was that of a mother, his tenderness that of a lover. Night and day he guarded her from the cold, from the wind, from the rude language of the sailors. But, notwithstanding this care, the benumbing effects of the atmosphere, together with the want and terror of shipwreck, overcame Ursula's physical strength and fortitude. She sank beneath the accumulation of trial; she became insensible to hope or fear, refused food, and fell into the torpor of mind which, in such cases, precedes death. The cold had penetrated her tender frame, her hands dropped by her side, powerless in their functions; her eyes closed.

"Tek took her in his arms as a nurse takes her child. He held her feet in his large warm hands; he breathed upon her pallid face and into her mouth his hot invigorating breath; he warmed her chilled hands in his hairy bosom, and finding that he could not by these means restore suspended animation, he severed a vein of his hand and let his own life-blood flow drop by drop between her whitened lips. This nutriment, warm from his strong heart, imparted warmth to hers and stimulated the expiring powers of life. She revived—her heart heaved with regular respiration. Tears of gratitude and joy swelled in the eyes of the faithful servant, and rolling over his shaggy cheeks, fell upon his beloved lady's face. She opened her eyes and smiled the smile of returning hope and life. Haply for her succor was near. A ship came in sight, approached and rescued them. They were conveyed to Sitka, which place they reached in fourteen weeks' time from Archangel."

"And Navori?" questioned the general.

"He had been thrice balked by government spies; had hidden during three months, and then sailed from St. Petersburg in an English ship to London, and thence, in a whaler, to the Pacific: he arrived in Sitka one year later than Ursula."

"But," continued the general, "Ludoff Navori was pardoned in 185–. They will now return to the Court?"

"They will never return," responded the admiral; "they are happy, and there is no loftier summit in life to attain. My grandchild, Ursula's beautiful daughter, is at Paris with Madame St. Etynge, and Tek, bound by the lien of love rather than obligation, lives with them and will be buried by their side. Have I established my premises, my lord baron?"

"Humph!" ejaculated the baron, with his habitual shrug, "I think rather you have proved, that those whom God hath joined together can, neither by man nor iceberg, be put asunder."

WIT AND HUMOR.

A young lady at a fashionable dinner party pestered Dr. Johnson with a conundrum—a thing which the bluff old philosopher utterly detested. "Why is the letter J like the end of spring, Doctor?" was the question. Of course the doctor couldn't tell. "Because it's the beginning of June," was the solution. "Now, Miss, will you tell me why the letter K is like a pig's tail?" sternly asked the doctor. The young lady had to give it up. "Because it's the end of pork, Miss." The doctor was bothered with no more conundrums.

A man in a section of Missouri where horse-thieves abound was disputing with a New Englander as to the comparative fertility of the Missouri and the New Hampshire soil. The Yankee said that in New Hampshire there were fields so fertile that if you threw your hat into one of them at night you couldn't see it in the morning. "Pshaw!" said the Missourian, "there are plenty of fields about here where, if you put a dozen horses into them over night, you couldn't find one of them in the morning."

A fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," said the man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre!" "In what shape did it appear?" asked the priest. "It appeared in the shape of a great ass." "Go home, and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

A Virginia editor says, "The man from the Western division, who is about seven feet in length and drunk accordingly, and who called at our office on Monday, accompanied by an axe-handle, to ask if the editor was in, is respectfully informed that the editor is not in the city, and is not expected to return within the memory of the oldest inhabitant."

A company of farmers were discussing the relative merits of rival threshing machines, when they were astonished by the wife of the one at whose house they were, exclaiming, emphatically, that the best threshing machine *she* knew any thing about was a broomstick; and her husband looked as though he believed her.

The following advertisement appeared in a Texas paper: "If the person who took (it is concluded by mistake) the white waterproof coat belonging to Captain ———, will apply at the barracks, he can have the peg it used to hang upon, as it is of no further use to the owner."

A Crooked Traveller.—A deformed gentleman, on his arrival at a provincial town, was asked what place he had come from. "*Straight* from Boston," was the reply. "Then," said the inquirer, "you must have got terribly twisted on the road."

We see it is proposed to make opera hats of the cheap and durable stuff called "Rep." Should this idea be carried out, our fashionable young men will be walking about the streets like snake-charmers with *rep-tiles* on their heads.

The bear is to Russia what the lion is to England and the eagle to the United States; but if the European telegrams as to the Czar's intentions towards the Sultan be correct, then the symbol of Russia should be a Turkey gobbler.

"Mamma," said a little child to her mother, "do you know how I get to bed quick?" "No," was the reply. "Well," said she, in great glee, "I step one foot over the crib, then I say 'rats,' and scare myself right in."

An Illinois paper, in noticing the death of a "worthy citizen," says, "as a neighbor, he was kind; as a miller, upright. His virtues were beyond all price, and his flour was always sold at a fair rate."

"I'm afraid I shall die a beggar—the most terrible fate in the world," said a rich old hypochondriac. "Not so," was the reply, "there is a much worse fate than that, and that is to *live a beggar.*"

A new boarder in an up-town establishment, being called to breakfast at an unusually early hour, replied, "Thank you; but I never eat anything during the night."

A Question for Military Writers.—How can *fields* be won (one)?

CURRENT ITEMS.

A couple of young men who were hunting in the woods of north-eastern Iowa, had a narrow escape [illegible] bear seemed to be dead, [illegible] and shot. The [illegible] by their success, hastily approached the animal, which, on their coming near, suddenly sprang at them, knocked their guns out of their hands, and went at them teeth and claws. Fortunately, one of them had a revolver with which he soon disabled the wounded bear, but not till he and his companion had been severely lacerated by its paws.

Dr. R. J. Southworth, of Georgetown, son of the celebrated novelist, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, has been appointed microscopist and analytical chemist at the Columbian Hospital, Washington, D. C. The institution is in a very flourishing condition. Dr. Southworth studied medicine with Dr. Willard Parker, of this city, and was considered one of his most diligent and accomplished students.

Andrew Lahnmann was badly bitten by a large bloodhound, which he was attempting to punish, in East New York, on Saturday last. The hound seized him by the shoulder, hurled him to the ground, and shook him as though he'd been a boy, to the great affright of his family; but as he made no resistance, the dog soon let go his hold and walked off.

The driver of one of the overland coaches westward from the eastern terminus of the Pacific Railroad, was attacked by a grizzly bear, while he was tying up the harness of one of his horses that had broken on the road, and badly scratched and frightened, but the passengers came to his rescue with revolvers and rifles, and soon killed the bear.

A pair of lovers going from New Orleans to St. Louis by steamboat, whose parents (who were also on board) wouldn't consent to their union, resolved to end their woes by jumping into the Mississippi, which they did; but they were fished out, after a deal of trouble, and were then glad enough to consent to live on any terms.

A resident of Nashua, N. H., who had been looked upon as insane, was found dead upon a picket fence in that place, a few mornings ago. His neck was pressed between two pickets in such a manner as to cause strangulation, and it was supposed that he had taken that method of committing suicide.

A drunken man got on a locomotive at Newburgh and started off alone on a ride to Greycourt. After going several miles he stopped the locomotive, and leaving it standing on the track, started back for Newburgh, where, on his arrival, he was arrested and committed for the action of the grand-jury.

A southern merchant from Cheraw, S. C., who was in this city purchasing goods, was knocked down and run over by a hackney-coach on Wednesday morning, and instantly killed. The unfortunate man had completed his purchases, and was about starting for home, when the accident happened.

A short time since a man in Dubuque, Iowa, was drugged to insensibility, robbed, and then thrown into the Mississippi. He was rescued, and restored to consciousness, and gave a clue to the robbers, who were arrested and put in process for the penitentiary. They only got $30.

A barque for Bermuda, containing fifty head of cattle and a large lot of sheep, took fire at her wharf in this city, on Thursday last, and was consumed together with all the live stock on board. The cries of the perishing animals were pitiful to hear.

A cataract is said to have been discovered in Montana, which throws Niagara completely into the shade, the whole volume of the Yellowstone river plunging over a precipice sixteen hundred feet high, with a roar which is appalling.

A bachelor, or at least a man who was supposed to be a bachelor, of some wealth, having recently died in this city, no less than three women claiming to be his widows appeared at the Surrogate's office to claim his property.

A man attempted to place a penny under the large trip-hammer on exhibition at the Fair of the American Institute, and not being quick enough, his hand was caught and mashed to a jelly.

A young English lady attempted to throw herself from the Suspension Bridge into the Niagara river, but was prevented by her governess. Cause, disappointment in love.

A boy at St. Joseph, Mo., is reported to have killed thirty-seven rattlesnakes in one morning, and four black snakes besides.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. XII.

TEMPERANCE IN ALL THINGS.

On the first day of January, 1824, while living in Westhaven, Vt., I deliberately resolved to drink no more spirituous liquors. At this time, I had heard of persons who had made a kindred resolve, but I had not known one. I probably had heard that Temperance societies had somewhere been formed, though I do not now distinctly recollect the circumstance. I believe the first American society that adopted the principle of Total Abstinence—at least from distilled liquors—had been organized in a rural township of Saratoga county, N. Y., in 1817; but the American Temperance Society was yet unknown, and did not adopt the principle of Total Abstinence from Alcoholic beverages until 1833.

Whiskey was the universal luxury—I might say the poor man's *only* luxury—in Vermont, as rum had been in New Hampshire. The apple-tree flourished luxuriantly, and bore abundantly on the virgin soils wherein it was generally planted; and while each settler's "clearing" was shut in by the grand, old woods which softened the harsher winds and obstructed the dissemination of fruit-destroying insects. Good peaches were grown in southern New Hampshire fifty years ago; whereas they can no longer be produced, save rarely and scantily, in southern New York. Cider was, next to water, the most abundant and the cheapest fluid to be had in New Hampshire, while I lived there—often selling for a dollar per barrel. In many a family of six or eight persons, a barrel tapped on Saturday barely lasted a full week. Whoever dropped in of an evening expected to be treated to cider; a mug, once emptied, was quickly refilled; and so on, till every one was about as full as he could hold. The transition from cider to warmer and more potent stimulants was easy and natural; so that whole families died drunkards and vagabond paupers from the impetus first given by cider-swilling in their rural homes.

I believe I was five years old when my grandfather Woodburn's house in Londonderry was, one winter day, filled with relatives, gathered, in good part, from Deering, Windham, and from Vermont towns originally settled from the old hive; who, after dinner, departed in their sleighs to visit some other relative, taking our old folks with them, and leaving but three or four little boys of us to keep house till their return. A number of half-smoked cigars were left on the mantel, and some evil genius suggested to us tow-headed urchins that it would be smart and clever to indulge in a general smoke. [illegible] was soon the sickest mortal on the face of this planet. I cannot say as to my comrades in this folly; but that half-inch of cigar-stump will last me all my life, though its years should outnumber Methuselah's. It was often my filial duty to fill and light my mother's pipe, when she had lain down for her after-dinner nap; and she, having taken it, would hold it and talk till the fire had gone out, so that it must again be lighted and drawn till the tobacco was well ignited; so I know that, if I had not been proof against narcotic seduction, I should have learned to like the soothing weed; but I never used nor wished to use it as a sedative or a luxury after my one juvenile and thoroughly conclusive experiment. From that hour to this, the chewing, smoking, or snuffing of tobacco has seemed to me, if not the most pernicious, certainly the vilest, most detestable abuse of his corrupted sensual appetites whereof depraved man is capable.

In my childhood, there was no merry-making, there was no entertainment of relatives or friends, there was scarcely a casual gathering of two or three neighbors for an evening's social chat, without strong drink. Cider, always, while it remained drinkable without severe contortions of visage, Rum at all seasons and on all occasions, were required and provided. No house or barn was raised without a bountiful supply of the latter, and generally of both. A wedding without "toddy," "flip," "sling," or "punch," with rum undisguised in abundance, would have been deemed a poor, mean affair, even among the penniless; while the more fortunate and thrifty of course dispensed wine, brandy and gin in profusion. Dancing—almost the only pastime wherein the sexes jointly participated—was always enlivened and stimulated by liquor. Militia trainings—then rigidly enforced at least twice a year—usually wound up with a drinking frolic at the village tavern. Election days were drinking days, as they still too commonly are; and even funerals were regarded as inadequately celebrated without the dispensing of spiritous consolation; so that I distinctly recollect the neighborhood talk, after the funeral of a poor man's child, that, if he had not been mean as well as poor, he would have cheered the hearts of his sympathizing friends by treating them to at least *one* gallon of rum. I have heard my father say that he had mowed through the haying season of thirty successive years, and never a day without liquor; and the account of an Irishman who mowed and pitched throughout one haying—drinking only buttermilk, while his associates drank rum, yet accomplished more and with less fatigue than any of them—was received with as much wondering incredulity as though it had been certified that he lived wholly on air. Nay: we had an ordination in Amherst nearly fifty years ago, settling an able and popular young clergyman named Lord (I believe he is now the venerable ex-President of Dartmouth College) to the signal satisfaction of the great body of our people; and, according to my recollection, strong drink was more generally and bountifully dispensed than on any previous occasion: bottles and glasses being set on tables in front of many farmers' houses as an invitation to those who passed on their way to or from the installation to stop and drink freely. We have worse liquor now than we had then, and delirium tremens, apoplexy, palsy, &c., come sooner and oftener to those who use it; but our consumers of strong drink are a class; whereas they were then the whole people. The pious probably drank more discreetly than the ungodly; but they all drank to their own satisfaction, and (I judge) more than was consistent with their own good.

My resolve not to drink was only mentioned by me at our own fireside; but it somehow became known in the neighborhood, where it excited some curiosity, and even a stronger feeling. At the annual sheep-washing in June following, it was brought forward and condemned, when I was required to take a glass of liquor, and, on my declining, was held by two or three youngsters older and stronger than I, while the liquor was turned into my mouth, and some of it forced down my throat. That was understood to be the end of my foolish attempt at singularity.

It was not, however. I kept quiet, but my resolution was unchanged; and, soon after my removal to Poultney, I "assisted" in organizing the first Temperance Society ever formed in that town—perhaps the first in the county. It inhibited the use of distilled liquors only; so that I believe our first President died of intemperance some years afterward; but a number still live to rejoice that they took part in that movement and have since remained faithful to its pledge and its purpose. I recollect a story told by our adversaries at that time of a man who had joined the Temperance Society just organized in a neighboring township, and, dying soon afterward, had been subjected to an autopsy, which developed a cake of ice, weighing several pounds, which had gradually formed and increased in his stomach, as a result of his fanatical devotion to cold water. Alas! that most of our facetious critics have since died, and no autopsy was needed to develop the cause of *their* departure! A glance at each fiery proboscis, that irradiated even the cerements of the grave, was sufficient.

Total Abstinence has never yet been popular in this nor in any other great city; and, as liquor grows unfashionable in the country, it tends to become less and less so. A great city derives its subsistence and its profits from its ministrations not only to the real needs of the surrounding country, but to its baser appetites, its vices, as well; and, as the country becomes less and less tolerant of immoral indulgences and vicious aberrations, the gains of cities therefrom, and their consequent interest therein, most steadily increase. Time was when the young man of means and social position, who shunned the haunts of the gamester, the wiles of the libertine, and never indulged in a drunken "spree," was widely sneered at as a "milksop," or detested as a calculating hypocrite. Sheridan's Joseph Surface admirably reflects the once popular appreciation of such absurd, fanatical Puritanism; but, as the world grows wiser and (in an important sense) better, a great though silent change is wrought in public sentiment, which compels the vicious to conceal indulgences which they formerly paraded, and maintain an exterior decency which would once have exposed them to ridicule. Thousands who formerly gratified their baser appetites without disguise or shame, now feel constrained, not to "leave undone," but to "keep unknown," by hieing to some great city, where no one's deeds or ways are observed or much regarded so long as he keeps out of the hands of the police, and there balance a year's compelled decorum by a week's unrestrained debauchery. Fifty years back, a jug would readily be filled with any designated liquor at almost any country store; now, the devotee of alcoholic potations must usually send or take his demijohn to the most convenient city, where it will at once be filled and dispatched to its impatient, thirsty owner; and so, as the Liquor interest grows weaker and weaker in the country, it becomes stronger and yet stronger in the cities, whose politics it fashions, whose government it governs, by virtue of its inherent strength and apprehensive activity. And thus the Liquor Traffic has greater strength and vitality in our city to-day than it had twenty to forty years ago.

Sylvester Graham first appeared in New York as a lecturer, I think, in the Winter of 1831-2. He had been a Presbyterian clergyman settled in New Jersey, and was styled "Dr.," though I do not know that he ever studied or practiced medicine. He had an active, inquiring mind, and a considerable knowledge of physics, metaphysics and theology; he was a fluent and forcible though diffuse and egotistical speaker, and he was possessed and impelled by definite convictions. He was at home in single combat alike with Alcohol and Atheism; but there was nothing narrow in his Temperance nor in his Orthodoxy. He believed, therefore taught, that Health is the necessary result of obedience, Disease of disobedience, to physical laws; that all stimulants, whether alcholic or narcotic, are pernicious, and should be rejected, save, possibly, in those rare cases where one poison may be wisely employed to neutralize or expel another; he condemned Tea and Coffee as well as Tobacco, Opium, and Alcoholic potables—Cider and Beer equally with Brandy and Gin, save that the poison is more concentrated in the latter. He disapproved of all spices and condiments, save (grudgingly) a very little salt; and he held that more suitable and wholesome food for human beings than the flesh of animals can almost always be procured, and should be preferred. The bolting of meal, to separate its coarser from its finer particles, he also reprobated; teaching that the ripe, sound berry of Wheat or Rye, being ground to the requisite fineness, should in no manner be sifted, but should be made into loaves and eaten precisely as the mill-stones deliver it. Such is, in brief, "the Graham system," as I heard it expounded in successive lectures by its author, and fortified by evidence and reasoning which commanded my general assent. A boarding-house was soon established, based on its principles, and I became an inmate thereof, as well as of others afterward based on the same general ideas, though I never wholly rejected the use of meat. Tea I never cared for, and I used none at all for a quarter of a century; now, I sometimes take it in moderation, when black and very good. Coffee had for years been my chief luxury—coffee without breakfast being far preferable to my taste to breakfast without coffee; but, having drank a strong cup of it one evening at a festive board, I woke next morning to find my hand trembling, and I at once said, "No more coffee!" and have not drank it since. My taste gradually changed thereafter, so that I soon ceased to crave, and now thoroughly dislike the beverage. And, while I eat meat and deem it, when unspoiled by decay or bad cookery, far less objectionable than hot bread, rancid butter, decayed fruits, wilted vegetables, and too many other contributions to our ordinary diet, I profoundly believe that there is better food obtainable by the great body of mankind than the butcher and the fisherman do or can supply, and that a diet made up of sound grain, (ground but unbolted,) ripe, undecayed fruits, and a variety of fresh, wholesome vegetables, with milk, butter and cheese, and very little of spices or condiments, will enable our grandchildren to live in the average far longer and fall far less frequently into the hands of the doctors than we do.

My wife, whose acquaintance I made at the Graham House, and who was long a more faithful, consistent disciple of Graham than I was, in our years of extreme poverty, kept her house in strict accordance with her convictions; never even deigning an explanation to her friends and relatives who from time to time visited and temporarily sojourned with us; and, as politeness usually repressed complaint or inquiry on their part, their first experiences of a regimen which dispensed with all they deemed most appetizing could hardly be observed without a smile. Usually, a day, or at most two, of beans and potatoes, boiled rice, puddings, bread and butter, with no condiment but salt, and never a pickle, was all they could abide; so, bidding her a kind adieu, each in turn departed to seek elsewhere a more congenial hospitality.

On the whole, I am satisfied, by the observation and experience of a third of a century, that all public danger lies in the direction opposite to that of vegetarianism—that a thousand fresh Grahams let loose each year upon the public will not prevent the consumption, in the average, of far too much and too highly seasoned animal food; while all the Goughs and Neal Dows that ever were or can be scared up will not deter the body politic from pouring down its throat a good deal more "fire-water" than is good for it. And, while I look with interest on all attempts to substitute American wines and malt liquors for the more concentrated and maddening decoctions of the still, I have noted no such permanent triumphs in the thousand past attempts to cast out big devils by the incantations of little ones as would give me reason to put faith in the principle or augur success for this latest experiment.

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A FEW OF THE THOUGHTS OF PASCAL.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Some small books, like some small men, have a numerous and important offspring. The "Thoughts of Pascal" may be considered the parent of a whole department of modern literature—the literature relating to what are generally styled the "Evidences of Christianity." The mind of Pascal was at once fervid and acute. He was in deadly earnest. But then he was as ingenious in suggesting difficulties as he was in removing them, and he imagined so many arguments against his own belief, that an eminent writer thinks that his work has, upon the whole, caused more unbelief than it has cured. Many of his opinions, too, that were uncontroverted in his own day, the world has outgrown, and the modern mind is lost in wonder that so great a man could have entertained them. The intelligent reader, I am sure, will be interested in knowing something of the serious thoughts of a superior French mind of two centuries ago.

Pascal was fully persuaded that miracles were still performed in this world. One of his nieces was afflicted, for three years and a half, with a fistula in the tear-gland of one of her eyes, which the most eminent surgeons of Paris pronounced incurable. The mother of the child, acting upon the advice of Pascal, took her to a church where was preserved what was called "the holy thorn," that is, one of the thorns of Christ's crown of thorns. The fistula was then so bad that matter ran from it, not only through the eye, but from the nose and mouth. "Nevertheless," she says, "the child was cured, in a moment, by the touch of the holy thorn." Pascal himself was a thorough believer in this miracle, and it was chiefly through his exertions that the church solemnly certified to its authenticity, which he records as a triumph for the faith.

"My brother," writes the joyful mother, "was sensibly touched by this grace, which he regarded as done to himself, since it was wrought upon a person who, besides her relationship, was also his spiritual daughter in baptism: and his consolation was extreme to see that God manifested himself so clearly at a time when the faith appeared as if extinguished in the hearts of most. So great was his joy that he was penetrated with it; and this to such a degree, that, his mind being full of it, God inspired him with an infinity of admirable thoughts upon miracles, which, throwing a new light upon religion, redoubled the love and respect which he had always had for it."

Pascal was of opinion that pleasure, in all its forms, was hurtful and wicked, and upon this opinion he uniformly [illegible] very disapproving of marriage. In writing to his sister upon this subject, he said: "Married people, however rich and wise they may be in the world's regard, are downright pagans before God." "An advantageous marriage is as desirable in a worldly point of view as it is vile and prejudicial in the sight of God."

Holding this opinion, he not only abstained from marriage himself, but induced one of his sisters to enter a convent, and urged his married sister vehemently not to entertain any offers of marriage made for her children during their minority. The utmost that he would concede was, that marriage might in some cases be allowed as the least of many evils.

Friendship, also, he considered perilous to the soul, foolish and unchristian. Upon one of his papers was found written this passage:

"It is unjust that a person should attach himself to me, even though he does it with pleasure and voluntarily. I should deceive those in whom I should kindle a friendly feeling for myself; for I am not the true object of any one's regard, nor have I that within me which could satisfy them. Am I not soon to die? Then the object of their attachment will be no more. As I should be a guilty man if I caused any one to believe a falsehood, even though I insinuated the lie gently, and both of us derived pleasure from the deception, so I am not the less guilty if I cause any one to love me; and if I attract people to myself, I ought to caution them against the deceit, however agreeable it may be, for they ought to pass their lives and devote all their energies to pleasing and seeking God."

This was hard doctrine to his affectionate sister and her children. But the man was better than his doctrine, and he both loved and attracted love, in spite of it.

Poverty and sickness he regarded as among the chief of blessings. He almost went as far as the modern French philosopher, Proudhon, who said, "Property is robber." "No Christian," he used to say, "has a right to use any more of his property than is strictly necessary for his maintenance and the maintenance of those dependant upon him;" all the rest, he thought, *belonged* to the poor and needy, and could not be withheld from them without injustice. He acted upon this principle most scrupulously. With regard to sickness, he considered it a signal favor of Heaven.

"Pity me not," said he when some one expressed sympathy for his sufferings, "pity me not, for sickness is the natural state of Christians; because, when a man is sick, he is just as he ought to be always—suffering pain, enduring the privation of all the good and all the pleasures of sense, exempt from the evil passions which work within him all his life, without ambition, free from avarice, and in the continual expectation of death. Is it not precisely so, that Christians ought to pass their lives? And is it not a great happiness when a man cannot avoid living exactly as he ought to live, and has nothing to do in the matter except submit to his lot humbly and without repining? This is the reason why I ask nothing of God except this grace."

He had his desire fully gratified, for the last four years of his life were only a lingering death. One symptom of his disease was an inability to drink. He could take liquid only a drop at a time, so that one of the nauseous doses of medicine which people took in those days—large goblets of black and filthy abomination—was to him an hour's torture which he endured with more than patience. He relished his misery and enjoyed the long disgust as a precious mortification. During the last weeks of his life, he appeared to suffer much from the kindness of his friends and the abundance with which he was surrounded. He asked to have some poor sick man brought into his room and treated with the same care as himself.

"I wish," said he, "to have the consolation of knowing that there is at least one poor sick person as well treated as I am, so ashamed am I to see around me such an abundance of good things. When I reflect that, while I have every alleviation, there are an infinite number of poor who are more sick than I, and yet are in want of things the most necessary, the thought gives me such pain that I can scarcely support it."

This was a touching and noble thought, and one that must frequently occur to persons of good feeling who enjoy every comfort in the midst of a wretched and destitute people.

When we turn from the conversation of this refined devotee to the work by which he is chiefly known, the "Thoughts of Pascal," we observe the same mixture of fine moral feeling and perverted sense. In the early chapters, he employs all his acuteness in showing the weakness, the ignorance, the incapacity of man, and thus prepares the way for his main object, which is to show man's need of the guidance of an infallible Church. A few of the striking detached "Thoughts," in the first part of the volume, are the following:

"Do you wish people to believe something good of you? Say nothing about it yourself."

"If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, all the politics of the world had taken another turn."

"If all men knew what others said of them, there would not be four friends in the world."

"Because people are disinterested, we ought not to conclude with certainty that they do not lie, for there are people who lie for the sake of lying."

"When every thing moves equally, nothing seems to move, as in a ship. So when all is going toward destruction, nothing seems to be out of order. The man who stops sees the rest hurrying to ruin, as from a fixed point."

"A little thing consoles us, because a little thing afflicts us."

"I do not admire the excess of a virtue—such as valor, for example—unless I see in the same person the excess of the opposite virtue—as in Epaminondas, who had extreme valor and extreme benignity."

"How pleasant, that a man should have the right to kill me because he lives on the other side of a river, and because his prince has a quarrel with mine, though I have none with him!"

"I wish with all my heart to see an Italian book, of which I know only the title, which alone is of more value than many books. 'Opinion rules the world.'"

"Vanity is so fixed in the heart of man, that a soldier, a laborer, a cook, a porter, vaunts himself and wishes to have his admirers; and philosophers themselves not less. And those who write against glory desire the glory of having written well, and those who read such a discourse desire the glory of having read it; and I who write this have, perhaps, the same desire, and, perhaps, those who will read it."

"Those who despise men most, and compare them with the beasts, still wish to be admired and believed, and thus contradict themselves."

"Man is but a reed, the feeblest in nature; but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe need not arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, suffices. But though the universe should crush him, man would still be nobler than that which slew him, because he would know that he was dying; while of the advantage which the universe had over him the universe would know nothing."

"Nature is an infinite sphere, of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere."

"The good there is in a book was hard for the author to acquire, but the bad can be corrected in a moment."

"Rivers are roads that march, and carry us where we wish to go."

"[illegible] he knows himself to be miserable. A tree does not know that it is miserable. To know ourselves miserable, then, is to *be* miserable; but it is also great to know ourselves miserable. Our very misery proves our greatness; it is the misery of a great lord, of a king dethroned."

"Here is a proof that man hates the truth, which fills me with horror: The Catholic religion does not oblige us to reveal our sins to all the world; it permits us to conceal them from all men, except one only, to whom it commands us to discover the bottom of the heart just as it is. There is just one man in the world whom we are required to undeceive, and that one man is bound to keep the secret inviolable, so that this knowledge is in his mind as though it were not. Can we imagine anything more charitable and tender? And yet, such is the corruption of the human heart, that it finds something hard in this law; and this is one of the principal reasons for the revolt against the church in all Europe. How unjust and unreasonable is the heart of man, to think it an outrage to be required to do to one man what it would be only right to do to all! For, is it just that we should deceive our fellow men?"

These few specimens will suffice to give an idea of the ingenuity and point of the "Thoughts." When the author has completed the survey of the weakness and helplessness of us poor mortals, then he developes, with the same acuteness, the arguments which convinced him of the divine origin and binding authority of the Christian religion, as expounded by, and contained in, the church in which he was born. This part of his work has been drawn from as freely by Protestant as by Catholic writers, since the greater part of it is devoted to establishing the faith common to both; and Pascal treats this part of his subject so exhaustively, that I doubt if there can be discovered in any modern author a single argument for the divine origin of Christianity the germ of which cannot be found in Pascal.

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A WHOLESOME SIGN.

Dealers in the superfluities of life complain that trade is dull. Even the sale of articles of real utility has somewhat fallen off during the last two years, and for the simple reason that people take greater care of them than they used to do, and wear them out instead of throwing them aside while they are still in a serviceable condition. The causes which gave such a tremendous impulse to almost every species of business during the war having ceased to operate, and the spirit of artificial prosperity which set everbody agog for the time being having subsided, the public demand for ordinary staples has sunk to its former level and for luxuries considerably below it, and hence the complaint of hard times from many classes of tradesmen and merchants, who made extraordinary sales and realized extraordinary profits during the four years of the rebellion. During a portion of that time loans paid the interest on loans; but now the whole interest of the National debt has to be met by taxation, and the masses feel the pressure, and the consequent necessity for retrenchment in their expenditures. The "dullness of trade," about which there is so much grumbling, proves that the people at large prefer privation to debt and bankruptcy, and is therefore a wholesome sign. If necessity induces them to conform their mode of living to their circumstances, and to come a little nearer to that standard of "republican simplicity" from which they had so widely departed, so much the better. If the "pressure of times" teaches us the blessed lesson of living within our incomes, and prevents us from "discounting the future," it is a pressure which no thoughtful citizen and true patriot will see any reason to regret.

TO MOTHERS AND TEACHERS.

The papers are full of "school advertisements," of every kind, for the coming winter. "*Which is the best?*" ask the bewildered parents as they look over the thousand-and-one Prospectus-es and read the formidable list of "branches" taught in each, between the hours of nine and three, for each day, Sundays excepted. They look at their little daughter. "It is time, they say, that she learned something;" and that is all true; but they do not consider that is not yet time for her to learn *everything;* and that in the attempt she will probably break down before the experiment is half made. They do not consider, in their anxiety, that she should be educated with the railroad speed so unhappily prevalent; that to keep a growing child in school from nine till three is simply torture, and to add to that lessons out of school, an offence, which should come under the head of "Cruelty to Animals," and punished accordingly by the city authorities, who in their zeal to decide upon the most humane manner in which to kill calves and sheep, seem quite to overlook the slow process by which the children of New York are daily murdered. That "everybody does so"—that "all schools" keep these absurd hours; that "teachers want the afternoons to themselves,"—seem to me puerile reasons, when I meet each day, at three o'clock, the great army of children, bearing, in their bent shoulders, narrow chests and pale faces, the unmistakable marks of this overstrain of the brain, at a critical age. And when I see, in addition, the piles of books under their arms, effectually to prevent the only alleviation of so grave a mistake, in the out-door exercise that their cramped limbs and tired brains so loudly call for, I have no words to express my sorrow and disgust of our present school system.

It is not teachers, but *parents,* who are to right this matter. The former but echo the wishes of the latter. If parents think physical education a matter of no consequence, why should teachers love those children better than the parents themselves? If parents are so anxious for this cramming process, which is filling our church-yards so fast, why should teachers, who "must live," interfere? Now and then, one more humane, less self-seeking, than the majority, will venture to suggest that the pupil has already quite as much mental-strain as is safe for its tender years; but when the reply is in the form of a request from the parent that "another branch will not make any difference," what encouragement has the teacher to continue to oppose such stupidity? Not long since, I heard of a mother who was boasting to a friend of the smartness and precocity of her little daughter, of seven years "who attended school from nine till three each day, and studied most of the intervening time, and was so fond of her books *that all night, in her sleep, she was saying over her geography lessons and doing her sums in arithmetic.*" Comment on such folly is unnecessary. I throw out these few hints *at the commencement of the school season,* hoping that one mother, at least, may pause long enough to give so important a subject a moment's thought. That she may ask, whether it would not be wise to visit the school-room where her child spends so much of its time, and examine the state of ventilation in the apartment, and see if the desk, at which the child sits so long, is so contrived that it might have been handed down from the days of the Inquisition, as a model instrument of torture. I will venture to say, that her husband takes far better care, and expends more painstaking thought, with his favorite horse, if he has one, than she ever has on the physical well-being of her child. What *right,* I ask, has she to bring children into the world, who is too indolent, or too thoughtless, or too pleasure-loving to guide their steps safely, happily, and above [illegible]

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A DISTURBED WORLD.

Nearly the whole of the civilized world is disquieted just now, and if the "signs of the times" are to be trusted, History will have a wild and woful tale to tell a few years hence. Fighting on a grand scale may soon commence in Europe. France and Prussia confront each other menacingly, and it is surmised that Louis Napoleon only awaits the perfecting of his military organization and equipments and the consummation of certain political alliances which he is supposed to be negotiating, to accept the challenge which Count Bismarck, on behalf of Northern Germany, has all but flung in his teeth. Revolutionary Italy threatens the States of the Church. Austria is anxious for an opportunity to avenge the tremendous thrashing she received from Prussia, and is said to have made a secret compact with France with the hope of effecting that object, while the petty sovereigns of Southern Germany, who see that a struggle is likely enough to take place between France and Austria as allies, on the one hand, and Prussia with (possibly) Russia to assist her, on the other, parley and temporize, uncertain which side to take. Spain is about as tired of its profligate Bourbon sovereign as Naples was of King Bomba when Garibaldi raised the standard of revolt in Sicily, and the spirit of rebellion is barely held in check there by a soldiery whose loyalty is every day becoming more doubtful. All Europe, in fact, is more or less distracted by conflicting national interests and jealousies, while the popular element is everywhere asserting itself with a boldness, vigor and success perilous to dynastic rule. The fires of discord may smoulder for sometime longer, or they may break out suddenly and soon, but that a bloody crisis is not far distant seems to be about as certain as anything in the future can be.

◆

DESIRABLE ENMITY.

It is one of the maxims of a false philanthropy that we ought to make all men our friends. Now there is only one way in which it is possible to conciliate a bad man, who won't attempt to mend his ways, and that is by winking at his vices. Is that advisable? Reform him if practicable, but do not strike hands with him in fellowship until he *begins* to reform. The gospel teaches that the good man should love his enemy, however wicked he may be; but it does not say that he should *court* him, while in the gall of bitterness, for "evil communications corrupt good manners." When "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." Until he shows a disposition to forsake them, he is not fit company for God-fearing Christians.

The man who has no enemies cannot be a good Christian; for the life of a consistent Christian is a perpetual reproach to all scoundrels, and all scoundrels are therefore his enemies. The ill-will of villains is one of his certificates of character, and he ought to be proud of it. The energetic and determined moral reformer necessarily makes enemies at every step, and the more he makes the better for him and for the world at large. They are the foils that set off his excellencies—their animosity proves his earnestness and efficiency.

◆

"THE SAYINGS OF DR. BUSHWHACKER AND OTHER LEARNED MEN."—This is the title of a very interesting volume, from the press of Simpson & Co., by our scholarly friend and contributor, FRED. S. COZZENS, ESQ., the author of "The Sparrowgrass Papers." The *World* pays the author a very handsome compliment when it says, "As Dr. Bushwhacker himself, he is as delightful as Sparrowgrass, and we recommend everybody to put these sayings into his pocket."

THE COURTIER.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

In gleam and gloss of rank he shone,
He was a courtier of his time,
Few comelier men the world has known
Than "sweet Sir Edmund" in his prime;
The ladies vowed whene'er he bowed
No other knight had half such grace,
They praised his form, his voice, his eyes,
The smile that lit his handsome face.

His ready art no tact could foil,
A skilful flatterer was he;
His words were soft and smooth as oil,
And from his honeyed lips flowed free.
With willing ear the king would hear
Whate'er Sir Edmund had to say,
So much of grace and courtesy marked
His manner whether grave or gay.

In leisure hours the muse he wooed,
At times he struck a loftier air,
But most in dulcet rhythm sued
For favor with the gentle fair.
In all he sang sweet music rang
With liquid cadence thro' his rhyme;
An undisputed place was his
Among the poets of his time.

But to the courtier's bed one day,
Unheard by those around, came Death;
Few words could poor Sir Edmond say,
For slow and feeble drew he breath;
He could not reach with flattering speech,
To bid him wait, the great king's ear,
Whose coming stilled the gifted tongue
That men and women loved to hear.

ABNER GAULT;

OR,

THE HAND OF FATE.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FUNERAL.—ABNER'S PROSPECTS.

Old Pettibone Parker had his way. The funeral was as unostentatious as mere decency would allow. Only Abner and himself followed the poor murdered woman to the grave, and they went in a little shabby gig, borrowed of a person with whom Pettibone chanced to be acquainted. But even if the departed spirit knew anything of all this, it is not likely it was troubled by the fact; and certainly it matters little after all to any but surviving mourners how or where the poor garment which has been shuffled off is laid away. But though "only," as she said, "a neighbor," Mrs. Bunn was terribly angry. She was a person who laid a mighty stress on such things, and she declared over and over again that if *she* had been used so she should have "walked."

"An old lady that was, you may say, *rich*, John," she said, "not even a carriage provided for those who liked her so and respected her so much. It is perfectly contemptible, and if he'd use the *dead* so, that horrid, mean old man, what will he do for the living! What *is* to become of little Abner?"

"That's what I'm a-thinking of," said Mr. Bunn, who was at the time of this conversation taking his dinner. "I rather calculate, d'ye see, that this old fellow will get the money. Mrs. Gault didn't make a will—that's certain in *my* mind. You've rummaged the house over, and this lawyer who has the managing of her affairs says he's sure he'd have had the writing of it if it had been done at all. Old Parker knows as well as we do that the child would have had all if the poor woman had had her way, but he has no more conscience than the knife I'm eating with, not a bit more, and you may make up. But he may make *his* will in Abner's favor. Misers don't mind so much about their money after they are dead, and then being so old, it will be all right for the boy, after all."

And when, [illegible] discovered that the property was actually his, and came into possession of it with all legal forms, to this thought Abner's friends turned for comfort.

"We must temporize with the old man," said Mr. Crub to Mr. Bunn, as the four sat waiting for Mr. Parker's appearance in Mrs. Bunn's front parlor, "and try to make him do *this* at once. He is very old, you know, and delay might be dangerous; and I have a plan for the boy meanwhile."

Just then Pettibone Parker's cane was heard on the stairs, and Mrs. Bunn opened the door to let him in.

Abner was at the school. He had been taken there after the funeral, and seemed very willing to lie on the lounge in Mrs. Crub's room and keep quiet and rest himself. He cried now and then in an hysterical, passionate way, but generally was quite still and silent, keeping his face hid in the pillow and refusing to take notice of anything or to eat much. It was as well so, the doctor had said. He was young and time would soon work wonders; so of course he was not present to hear the discussion of his future prospects, nor had his friends thought it best that he should be.

"Good evening, Mr. Parker," said Mr. Crub, pleasantly. "Cool to-night."

"Very," said old Parker, taking a chair near the grate and warming his hands—"very cool for fall. There's a dreadful waste of coal when winter comes in early. I always think of that."

"It's hard for the poor," said Mrs. Bunn.

"Yes, yes, yes, hard for those people called *rich*, too," said old Parker. "Though, to be sure, they always say that of the poorest men. Come, come, what were we to talk about. Something particular you wrote me."

"About your little friend Abner," said Mrs. Crub.

"What abeout him?" drawled Parker.

"Well," said Mr. Crub, putting the tips of his fingers together, as he did when he examined his pupils—"well, sir, what do you intend to do for him?"

"Tew dew for him?" asked Pettibone. "Why what I choose, I reckon. I aint called on tew dew anything."

"But you *will* of your own free choice," said Mr. Crub.

"It's your bounden duty," cried Mrs. Bunn. "You've gone and taken everything from him, and——"

"Gently, gently," said Mr. Crub. "I beg, ma'am, that I may speak for a few moments. Mr. Parker's intentions are of a very generous nature, no doubt."

"They *air*, I consider," said old Parker.

"I knew it," said Mr. Crub, while Mrs. Bunn shrugged her shoulders and shook her head at Mrs. Crub; and Mr. Bunn, whose features always had the appearance of being carved out of some tough, well-seasoned wood, looked on without an expression of any kind upon his face. "And of course, my dear sir, you will remember our affection for our poor little friend, doubly orphaned, one may say, and let us have an inkling of your intentions. I had a plan to propose—would you like to hear it?"

"Listening don't cost anything," said old Parker; "yes."

"Should you be disposed to continue him at school," said Mr. Crub, "I will greatly reduce my terms in his favor. Indeed, if you felt inclined to such an arrangement—if you will continue to clothe him, I will make no charge whatever for board or tuition. I am very fond of Abner, and can afford to be kind to him."

"*Clothe* him!" said old Parker. "Why he *has* clothes. I know how it is with these high-flying folks. They must be spick and span day and night. You'd want broadcloth and linen—and silk neck-ties and fine boots, and I don't know what. No, no. Besides, I don't mean to bring him up that way. He knows enough, I reckon. What I'm going tew dew for him is tew take him home tew live with me."

Mrs. Bunn shook her head again solemnly and closed her eyes in a despairing way.

"Ah, to live with you as your son and heir. Very kind—very generous, sir," said Mr. Crub. "I shall miss the child; so will Mrs. C.; but of course we must make up our minds to that——"

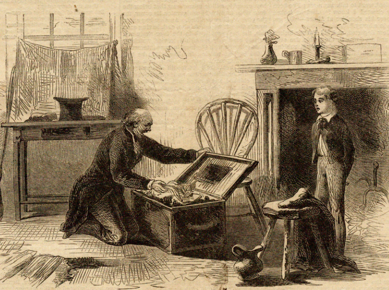
But here Mr. Parker struck his cane on the floor and shouted furiously:

"My son and heir! My son and heir! I reckon you're out of your senses. What have I got to leave anybody? Nothing at all. I'm poor—jest as poor as man *can* be. What's property? Only a bother—a regular bother; and if I was rich I wouldn't make a will to let people know the money was left to them and be likely poisoned for it. I'd do it sly and secret in the city somewhere. No, no; I take the boy as a poor boy out of charity, that's all. I *may* leave my few acres to him—I may not. It's no one's business."

"But think, it would have been all his—that which you inherit from Mrs. Gault at least," said Mr. Crub.

"It's nobody's business," said Pettibone. "If any one likes to keep him I'll wash my hands of him entirely. It's very kind of me to give him his keep under my own roof; and as for dying, why he may die tew years before *I* do, and twenty, if it comes to that. I may live to be a hundred or a hundred and fifty. People *do* live to be very old sometimes; and as for property, I may die in some poor-house yet—I expect to. Here it stands; I'm my own master. The boy may live with me, or I'll wash my hands of him. I won't keep him at school to grow up a fine gentleman and expect I don't know what of me."

"Look 'here then, friend," said Mr. Bunn: "This is *my* offer: I'll teach him my trade; carpenter I am; and you can put him with me. Rough, plain clothes will do; and he'll grow up a decent, honest mechanic. He'll be able to do altogether for himself in a few years. Meanwhile I'll give him public schooling, or, if this here gentleman likes, send him to him in school hours. Wife loves him, and we aint got no children—perhaps we never will have."



PETTIBONE PARKER AMAZED AT ABNER'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

"I tell you," said old Pettibone, "it's either I take him, and take him home, and bring him up the way that pleases me, or I get rid of him altogether. No interference for me. No strangers busy about other folks affairs tew tell the boy what *ought* to be done for him, as if beggars had a right tew be choosers. I've put up with that a considerable spell already. One of you take him, and keep him, and dress him, and leave him *your* money, or say nothing about me. I'll take five minutes tew hear what you've got to say. If one of you keep him for good, I'm agreeable. *I* sha'n't ask questions."

Mr. Bunn arose just then, and beckoned Mr. Crub from the room, and the two men—one so refined and small and almost womanish, the other such a great, rough, hard-handed fellow—[illegible] with the same kindly purpose, to be Abner's friends [illegible] on their faces.

"What shall we do?" said the carpenter. "We can't make any impression on the old fellow. I'd take him willing, but I'm not sure of having a penny to leave any one, and I should, perhaps, spoil his prospects."

"I am in the same dilemma," said the schoolmaster. "I could adopt him and give him an education, which is a sort of fortune in itself. But I feel quite positive that I shall not be a rich man, and if I were, there are those who have claims upon me. I think that this old Parker will be sure to leave his property to Abner at last, and you know he is very old. For the boy's sake we must let him have his own way."

"He'll fare hard, I expect," said the carpenter.

Mr. Crub shrugged his shoulders.

"Plain fare and roughing it will not hurt a boy," he said. "We'll try to know how he is used. After all, in a worldly point of view, this change may be the making of him."

"Aye," said the carpenter, "all very well for that, perhaps; but still it will be hard for him. She was good to him. What do you expect of him?"

"Meanness, not ill-usage," said Mr. Crub.

"Well, well, I suppose we must not interfere."

And they went back to the sitting-room.

Old Parker stood, with his hat in his hand, leaning on his cane.

"Well?" he said, snappishly. "Well, *I'm* not anxious to have the boy, you know."

"We have no claim to him," said Mr. Crub, a little sadly.

"But remember he is an orphan, and you have what was always meant for him by the poor woman that has gone," said Mr. Bunn. "Remember that as you expect God to remember *you*."

"Obleeged tew ye fur yer advice," sneered old Parker. "I calkerlate I know my dooty 's well as ye kin tell me."

"And he's never known an unkind word," sobbed Mrs. Crub.

"And his clothes kept *so* sweet and tidy," said Mrs. Bunn, wiping her eyes, "and nothing he asked for denied him."

"Oh, you *will* be kind to him," said Mrs. Crub.

"And let him have a little spending money," said Mrs. Bunn.

There old Parker shook his stick in the air, and turned upon the two women in fury.

"You meddlesome jades," he shouted. "How dare you tell *me* what tew dew. 'Tend tew yer own bizness. I've took the boy out of charity, seein' it seemed expected I should, and I'll dew what I like with him; give what I like tew. Spend *my* money, will ye? Are ye both crazy? It looks like it. I'll not hear another word. The auctioneer will be here tew sell Mrs. Gault's furnitoor to-morrow, and you hev the boy's trunk packed, and I'll come fur him the day after, and let me hear of one of yew interfering. I'll hev the law of ye. I'm not in my dotage yet, whatever yew may think."

And he hobbled away in an utterly indescribable state of rage and indignation, leaving Abner's friends in great perplexity.

"Have we done right?" asked the schoolmaster's wife.

"We could do no otherwise, dear," said Mr. Crub. "It is not as if any of us were wealthy, and could replace the fortune he will probably inherit; for, after all, the old man has no one else to leave anything to."

"But the life he will lead. Think of that," said Mrs. Bunn. "I'm sure the child won't live through it. I shouldn't wonder if he hadn't any butter to his bread or sugar in his tea. I should not."

"Sugar!" said Mr. Bunn, scornfully. wouldn't care if there wasn't any in the world."

"But children do," said Mrs. Bunn. "And who is to take care of his poor buttons? Heaven help him. He won't have one on anything in a week."

And the contemplation of this subject producing sadness too deep for words in both feminine hearts, they shook hands and parted in silence.

Abner was not himself yet, and heard the news Mrs. Crub conveyed to him with that indifference which we all feel for small sorrows when absorbed by a great one. His mourning had been put on, and his pretty blue jackets and grey suits were packed away in his nice trunk. In the little tray belonging to it were his ties and collars and handkerchiefs; and in the folding receptacle on the lid his shirts were carefully stored in a snow-white heap.

"You have plenty of clothes, that is a comfort," said Mrs. Crub; "and if you didn't grow so fast, they'd last you a long while; but you know you tear and rend like the rest of the boys, and you are sure to need mending. If there is any woman servant, as I suppose there must be [illegible] ask her to be kind enough to do for you what is needed. I think she would be sure to say yes."

"I will, ma'am," said Abner; "but I don't want to play now, somehow."

"You will in time," said Mrs. Crub; "and I want you to remember always how nice your poor dear Ma used to like to have you look. Wash carefully every day, and comb your hair, and part it straight, and change your linen whenever it is soiled, and be gentlemanly. Remember"—and here Mrs. Crub's blue eyes shone—"just how Mr. Crub always speaks, and be as much like him as you *can*."

Mrs. Crub had great faith in her husband's elegance, and was of the secret opinion that he was perfect in everything.

"You will live, perhaps, amongst rough people, and they may use bad grammar and do vulgar things. Don't let them know you think so, but don't copy them. Your dear adoptive mamma thought your own mother and father were very high-bred people, and I think they were."

"Why?" asked Abner, suddenly. "Why, ma'am?"

"You have a very gentlemanly look," said Mrs. Crub. "Your family could not have been low."

Mrs. Crub had a weakness regarding "family," and prided herself on certain rich and aristocratic ancestors. But there she checked herself.

"And, first of all, be *good*," she said. "Be respectful to your guardian, and remember God loves you, and that *He* sees you wherever you go and whatever you do. And say your prayers night and morning, and ask Mr. Parker to let you go to church and to Sunday-school. That is the first. And don't forget what you know—what your teacher has taught you. You'll have all your books, and your slate, and a box of pens, and a pocket ink-bottle, and some note-paper and envelopes, and study some lessons every day, and read your history, and cipher, and send me some letters. I've put in a few stamps, for *perhaps* Mr. Parker don't like spending money; and if you write me enough to use them all up, I will send you some more. Don't forget that. (O, dear! how I shall hate to put a new boy in your little bed.) Let me know just what you see and hear and learn; and if Mr. Parker will let you come to see us at Christmas, we will be very glad to have you come, just as though you were a relation. I'll write and ask him. Nobody would have thought the day you came that we should have liked each other so much. Nobody would have thought it, I am sure."

And then Abner hid his face on her shoulder, and they both cried together.

At night, for the last time, he went into the dormitory so clean and fresh, and the boys all spoke to him and gathered about him; and the big boy of the room, who had some high-living, dashing young uncles who had taken him out with them once when they went to see a friend off for Europe, had, (secretly and against rules, I am afraid,) purchased lemonade at a corner stand, which he had in a tin kettle under his bed, and which he produced that every one might drink Abner's health.

No glasses having been procurable, the roommates were obliged to pass the kettle from mouth to mouth; but "the feeling," as the big boy said, "was the same."

The old servant, coming to take their lamp, drove them all to bed ignominiously; but even he was tender of Abner's feelings.

"I aint a scoldin' you, Lord knows, but them as desarves it," tucking the boy in as if he had been a baby, "and say your prayers, poor lad, and go to sleep. You aint been as bad as most boys, I'll say that for ye. I don't remember you pulling a face at me once, I don't, I'll say that for ye. Go to bed ye other ones, or I'll remember yer names for master."

And he toddled away.

Children seldom lay wide awake unless they are sick, and Abner slept; but his dreams were terrible—always something about a murder, only now it was Mrs. Gault, now his schoolmaster, and now his kind neighbor, and never the same person twice, who was being set upon by some cruel wretch, while he had no power to prevent them.

Early in the morning old Parker came for the boy, and took him surlily and snappishly from his friends. He had borrowed the same old vehicle to drive to the ferry which we have seen before, and had coaxed a boy to drive it for him, and there was little room for Abner and less for his trunk. Old Parker grumbled a good deal, but the trunk was stowed away at last, and Abner perched upon it, and he sat waving his handkerchief to those on the porch, and the boys, who were allowed to go out upon the walk for that purpose, set up a cheer.

"Three cheers for Gault!" and flung their caps in the air.

And it was to be remarked that the boy who had been oftenest conquered by Abner in school-yard conflicts, and the one who had been oftenest robbed of medals and other honors by the ambitious boy, and who had often threatened vengeance, flung their caps the highest and shouted loudest, and were really the sorriest to part with him of any there.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABNER'S NEW HOME.

Mr. Pettibone Parker lived in New Jersey. He had labelled Abner's trunk, The Parker Farm, Skinflintville, New Jersey, and Mr. Crub knew that that was near some of the wealthiest of the Jersey farmers' places. He thought of the many rich old farmers he knew, who saved every dollar and went about like beggars, and yet, of course, had good, substantial living, and light, airy, cleanly homes, and felt quite satisfied as to Abner's fate.

"These crusty old fellows are not bad at heart sometimes," he said, "and he will, probably, provide handsomely for Abner in the end; and a country life is a magnificent life, my dear, for a boy."

And so the good couple talked when school duties were over, and they knew that by this Abner was, in all probability, in his new home.

It was about three o'clock when the cars stopped at Skinflintville, and old Parker and Abner alighted—old Parker with dismal rheumatic grunts, after his long imprisonment in one position, and Abner with some curiosity in his heart.

It was a sleepy little place, dismal in a drizzling rain that had come on at one o'clock; and the houses were all two-story, yellow frames, except the white-steepled church and the entirely unpainted school-house; and there were few trees to make the place lovely, and no great show of gardens before the houses. A man with two milk cans and a great lounging boy, were all the human beings visible outside the waiting-room of the station. This latter person stepped up to old Parker, as he stood looking out of the window at the rain, and touched his cap to him.

"Shall I take your trunk over for you—only ten cents, sir?" said he, "I've got my barrow here handy."

"No," said Pettibone, shortly, "I can't throw ten cents away; don't bother me."

"There ain't nobody else to do it, and they'd charge more if they'd come," said the lad.

But Pettibone answered:

"I and my boy can take it ourselves; go 'long!"

And chopped at him furiously with his cane—his chin and nose nearly meeting, in the extremity of his wrath.

So the boy sauntered away, with his hands in his pockets, and sat under a shed waiting for another train and more generous travellers.

"There's no use waiting for the rain to stop," said old Pettibone, after a while; "not a bit. It looks likely to continue till the day o' judgment. *You* catch a hold of one handle, boy, and I'll catch a hold of the other, and we'll take it over. Ten cents indeed! who wastes money I'd like to know? Come, come—catch hold."

Pettibone was old and weak; and Abner, though stout for his age, was only twelve years old. The road was in a state only possible to a Jersey road, and the rain beat in their faces. Pride forbade Abner to complain, and parsimony made the task almost pleasant to Parker; but as the boy watched the pair on their way, he grinned mischievously:

"Better 'a' had my barrow," he said, in glee, as the numerous pauses for breath and the million lurches and staggerings proved how heavy that well-packed, substantial trunk was to the pair; and Abner thought the same thing a dozen times over before, in the muddiest spot of all, they stopped before a large, old-fashioned house, closed up as though it were completely deserted, and closely surrounded by a rude paling fence, which possessed an awkward gate, fastened by a rusty padlock.

This Pettibone unlocked, and the trunk was dragged through and dropped with a heavy thump upon the time-worn porch.

Then the old man drew a large brass key from his pocket, and said to Abner:

"Come in; we're tew hum."

The words were taken up in the bare entry, and dimly echoed as in an empty house; and Abner began to think that old Pettibone had just moved in, and that the furniture had not yet arrived.

He thought so all the more when the door on the right hand was opened, and he entered a large square room, with a great yawning fire-place, holding a pair of old-fashioned andirons and a quantity of ashes. A table of stained wood, a shabby old arm-chair, a three-legged stool, a blue sea-chest with a padlock, and a rickety old press comprised the furniture. On the mantel-piece were two brass candlesticks, with guttering ends of tallow-candle in them, and a little ink-bottle from which protruded the handle of an old pen.

On the wall hung an old gun, a heavy club—much like a policeman's in shape and size,—a long, sharp knife, and a hatchet.

"Certainly," Abner thought, "the old man must find this a very uncomfortable state of things."

He remembered how Mrs. Gault fretted before the furniture came down to the city, and how inconvenient she felt it to be; and, as old Pettibone gingerly opened half a shutter, said, with a view of making himself agreeable—for, in his desolated state, he would have given something for a pleasant word from even that grim old man—

"It will be well for you, sir, when the things come."

"Eh—what things?" asked Pettibone.

"The chairs, and tables, and—and beds," said Abner.

"What *dew* you mean?" asked Pettibone.

"I—I suppose you are moving from somewhere?" said Abner.

"*Moving?* I've lived here twenty years," said old Pettibone. "Don't understand ye; things—ah! I know; you thought me a fool like the rest, to throw away money on sofas and mahogany tables, and carpets, and such trash. No, no; I shall die in a *poor-house*, but it sha'n't be because I'm extravagant. No, no, no. Yew'll know *that* the longer you know me. We must have something to eat, I suppose. Yew watch me and yew'll know arter this heow to dew it when I'm poorly."

And Abner, half-fancying himself in a dream, did watch and consider.

The old man took a quantity of boughs and branches from the press, which, being opened, proved to contain nothing else, and piled them up in the fire-place—where, after much smoking, they were kindled into a blaze. Then he swung out a little kettle, and half-filled it with water from a pitcher which had been standing on the floor, and, opening the seamen's chest, drew thence a loaf of bread, a knife, and a tiny tea-caddy.

The two first he put on the table, the third he opened, and, the water coming to a boil, dropped in, gingerly, and with a look that plainly said he begrudged every leaf, a very small quantity of the coarsest black tea. Then, carrying the caddy to the chest again, he produced two yellow mugs, and pronounced dinner ready.

Even in the subdued and unnatural condition to which Abner's grief had reduced him, the boy felt an inclination to smile. In all his life the little orphan had never seen want—never taken his seat at a sparely spread board—never met with a parsimonious person.

Mrs. Gault had a talent for cookery rarely equalled, and loved to exercise it, and at the school plain, well-cooked food, and plenty of it, was the excellent rule.

His face expressed amazement, and he began to wonder whether old Pettibone were not out of his mind. Moreover, having all his life been used to having his appetite tempted by dainties, he could not swallow the dry bread or the weak, unsavory, sugarless tea.

His slice remained untouched on the rather dirty table, and he only took one sip of the beverage in the yellow mug, an abstemiousness which excited old Pettibone's approval, and caused him to chuckle with satisfaction.

"You're a moderate eater, I see," he said. "Boys generally gobble and stuff awfully. Don't you never eat more, my man?"

"Yes," said Abner. "But lately I haven't had a great deal of appetite, and I can't eat much bread without butter, and I'm used to milk and sugar in my tea."

"Ah, no doubt; a dreadful wasteful critter Mis' Gault was," said Pettibone. "We don't have them things, you know, so 't 'tisn't likely you'll eat much more. It's a heap healthier—all the doctors say so—not tew eat much. *I* never dew, unless I'm dining eout; then there's no reason you shouldn't eat hearty."

With which remark Pettibone rinsed out the mugs and put them, with the loaf of bread, into the chest, which he locked up carefully.

It was all of a piece with the rest of the misery which had come upon him. Abner hardly looked upon it as a new evil that he should be starved in this wretched hole; only as part of that terrible loss of his. Losing the being who had been a mother to him, it seemed natural enough that he should lose home also.

The time was coming when he would be rebellious enough, but he was patient as a lamb led to the slaughter now. He sat on the three-legged stool by the window and looked out on the rain. The fancy that it was raining on *her* grave came into his mind, and tears slowly trickled down his cheeks. It is hard for a child to remember that only the worn-out casket lies beneath the mould, and that the bright and blessed soul is in Heaven, beyond all earth's storms and trials. He could not bear the thought, it seemed, and he pressed his face against the glass and softly prayed that God would let him die also.

By and by, the bits of wood having burnt to ashes, old Pettibone looked up from the embers, over which he had crouched warming his hands and feet, and called to Abner.

"Got the key of your trunk, Aby?" he asked, in a coaxing way.

"Yes, sir," said Abner.

"Fetch it here and help me in with the trunk," said old Pettibone. "I'd like tew see what you've got, and ther's nothin' tew be done this arternoon."

And Abner obeyed mechanically.

The lid was flung back, and the pretty tray full of collars and neck-ties revealed itself.

Pettibone stared at them with greedy eyes.

"Them's all silk," he said, handling a tie.

"Yes, sir," said Abner.

"D'ye know what was giv' for 'em?" asked Pettibone.

"Some cost a dollar," said Abner, "some less—I don't know just what."

"They can't be much use tew yew now you're in mournin'," said Pettibone.

"No, sir. Mrs. Crub told me to wear these black ones as long as they were nice," said Abner.

"Very good advice," said Pettibone; "and nothing keeps clean like black. What is underneath?"

Abner lifted the tray.

"You're sure them's all yewrn?" said Pettibone.

"Yes, sir," said Abner. "Ma used to like me to dress as well as I could. She bought me a great many clothes. When I grew out of them she gave them to poor children."

"Very wasteful—very," muttered Pettibone. "These are as good as new. But what's this?"

"Paper and envelopes, and things to draw with, and stamps for my letters," said Abner. "I'm to write to dear Mrs. Crub very often."

"Air you?" asked old Parker, with a twist of his mouth; "and tell her all you kin find out about me, I reckon."

"Oh, no; about myself, sir," said Abner.

Pettibone Parker chuckled.

"I thought yew were goin' into the stationery line," he said, "I swow I did. And here's a gilt-back brush, and a cake of scented soap, and—what's this? a silver fork and napkin ring."

"Every pupil takes them, sir," said Abner, "and they gave me mine to bring away."

"*Books*, tew," said Pettibone, "a'most bran-new and—good gracious! a bottle of cologne!"

"For my handkerchief, you know," said Abner, "and my hair."

"Law!" said Pettibone. "I *never*——"

It seemed to overwhelm him even to think of such extravagance, and he knelt beside the trunk—the picture of astonishment,—and glared into its depths with wide-open mouth and eyes.

"And yew've got 't least a full dozen shirts," he drawled at last, "and an amazing heap of flannel, and stockings enough for a regiment, I swow tew man! Well, well, how her money must have flowed! And yew won't want to wear anythin' but *black* for a long while yet. 'Twouldn't be respectful tew her that's departed yew knew."

And with these words Pettibone Parker pocketted the key, and shut the trunk down with a snap.

"It's gettin' dark," he said. "Shouldn't wonder ef Hubbs' folks was milkin'. S'pose ye go acrost with my compliments—and will they lend me some milk, seein' it's rainin'. They never like tew I know, but I've got a mortgage on their farm, and they don't durst not tew obleege. I like milk myself; it saves tea, and its hulsome."

So Abner took a great brown pitcher, and went on his errand.

The house that had been pointed out to him was a comfortable place, and a girl and man had just brought in the milk-pails, and were straining the milk.

Abner disclosed his errand; and the girl, with a shrug, filled his pitcher nearly half-full.

"How do you come to be with old Parker?" she said, curiously. "You aint a relation?"

"No," said Abner,—the tears coming into his eyes. "It's somehow because he has all my poor ma' left, I guess, that he took me."

"Your ma' is dead, eh?" asked the girl. "Oh, dear; I guess I've heard about it. She's the old lady that was murdered? and to think that hunks should have the money! You aint going to stay with him?"

"I expect so," said Abner.

"Lord help ye then! If you've got any appetite," said the girl. "And you must have lived nice, from your looks. Here, I'll put another dipper of milk in for you; and mind you get it. Now who d'ye suppose hurt yer ma'?"

Abner wept silently.

"Shut up. *Jaw me down*," said the young man. "Don't you see it makes him feel bad. You women will talk, talk, talk, no matter how folks take it. Nobody know'd it said so in the paper. Here's a big apple for you, little boy, and you grow up as fast as ye can and keep up your spirits."

Abner wiped his eyes and lifted his pitcher of milk with a "Thank you," and carried it home. Old Pettibone peered into the white depths curiously as he took it from his hand.

"They're mighty generous in their old age," he said. "Why they hev gin a lot. If it don't sour, there'll be enough for breakfast, and I'll give you a hull mug full now."

So poor Abner had his mug full and ate a morsel of bread, and then, as it was nearly dark, old Pettibone proposed that he should go to bed.

"Sleep is good for the young, and when they sit up they want lights, and lights come expensive," said the miser. "You foller me in, I'll shew ye how tew fix yer bed. I aint had no company fur a considerbul number o' years. Dunno as I ever had none, only a cousin o' mine that stopped in and would stay over night. I didn't give him no breakfast though, so he never come agin, he! he! You can keep company away, I reckon, by never giving 'em nuthin' tew eat. And company is a bad thing. It comes expensive."

So talking, he shuffled into a little end room, musty and close as a room never opened for years might have been, and dragged into its midst an old cot bedstead, or rather the frame of one, the sacking being supplied by bits of old rope. On this he tossed a bag of straw, which about half covered it, and an ancient sofa pillow of the round hard kind still in existence in some old-fashioned houses.

"There's a bed fit for a king," he said. "And here's as good a red table-cover as you ever saw, only it wants patching, and half a fust-rate hoss blanket. I dunno but I'm extravagant, but I like you to hev it tew say that I pervided well for ye. I ha'n't spared no expense. The curtain was left behind when Miss Squire Bitters moved away, and the hoss blanket Squire Bitters giv me, and the table-kiver, that was my own gran'father's, a rale good bit o' cloth. Meanness aint a fault o' mine; I like tew see things neat about me. Now good night. Ye'll rest comfortable, I know, with all that good bedding."

He left the room as he spoke, and Abner stared with horror at his dirty bed. Used to fresh, white pillows, soft blankets, and the dainty patchwork Mrs. Gault delighted in, or the neat Marseilles counterpane in the school dormitory, his young soul sickened at the filthy things before him. He thought at first of lying on the floor; but dirty, dust-covered spiders and hideous black roaches were crawling there, and the bed was safest.

So, having undressed and laid down, sleep crept over him. The bed was hard. The slippery pillow scratched him with its long hairs, and finally deserted him altogether and rolled away upon the floor. The horse-blanket sickened him with an odor of the stables, where it had hung so long; but he was young and weary, and, despite of all discomforts, soon forgot his woes, and knew no more until morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

ABNER MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Abner slept late the next morning, and awoke in that strange bewilderment which all experience after a heavy slumber in an unaccustomed bed. For a good while he could not remember where he was, nor why he was there; but, at last, memory returned, and he began to recall the events of the past day. It seemed to the poor child as though there was nothing to get up for—no reason why he should make an effort to begin another day. Long after he was wide awake, he lay quite still—tears coursing down his cheeks; and when at last he did arise, he looked in perplexity about the room, finding neither basin, pitcher, nor towels at his command.

"I must ask Mr. Parker for them, I suppose," he said to himself.

He went into the outer room, half-dressed, for that purpose. At the door, he paused a moment. A man with Jewish features and an immense bag on his shoulders was just taking his leave; and as Pettibone opened the door for him he heard these words:

"Ah, Mr. Parker, it is very well for us dat all shentlemen cannot make bargains like you—very well, indeed. I makes no monish with *you*, Mr. Parker, not one penny."

"Nonsense; you've cheated me out of my eyes," said old Pettibone, "and you can go now! I don't want to talk any more; I've been dreadfully cheated I know!" And he looked uneasily over his shoulder at Abner—"Go, go, now; I'm in a hurry."

So the Jew departed, and old Parker locked the door, and sat down by the feeble fire over which the tea-kettle was simmering, rubbing his hands and chuckling.

Then Abner advanced:

"If you please, Mr. Parker, where can I find water and a basin?" he asked.

"In the closet," said Pettibone.

Abner looked in.

"There's only the *dish* basin—the one you washed the cups in—*there*," he said.

"How many basins d'ye suppose I've got?" snapped Pettibone. "Yew're a pretty dandy chap, yew air! a pretty fellow! Ef you don't like that, there's a pump outside."

Abner preferred the pump; and, intimating as much, went to his trunk for his soap and a towel. He lifted the lid, and looked in. It was quite empty; not even a comb remained. For a moment he was startled. Then he thought old Parker must have put them away, as poor Mrs. Gault would have done, in drawers and presses.

"Please, where will I find my things," he said. "Where have you put them, sir?"

"Why, there's no place to put them, yew see," said Pettibone Parker. "I don't know where they are *now*."

"Oh, some one has stolen them, perhaps that man with a bag," cried the boy. "Run after him, let me! he'll get off if we don't. Every thing is gone, sir; *all* my clothes, and my towels, and my paper, and every thing!"

"Hush! hush! they're not stolen," said Pettibone. "Now be quiet. Yew see I—I'm going to be at great expense for yew. 'Twill cost me an immense sum, and I'm a poor man and can't afford it. I've had tew sell the clothes tew support yew on the money. The best black tea to be had at forty cents a pound, and bread at ten cents a loaf, and all sorts of luxuries, and wearing out bed-clothes as you will—I couldn't help it. The things are sold."

"They were mine," crid Abner, stamping, "you had no right to sell them; dear, precious ma' gave them to me. How dare you?"

"I had a right to do it, Abner," said old Parker. "I'm your guardian you know, and yew didn't want to starve tew death, did yew?"

And the old man shrunk into the corner, almost terrified at the storm he had raised. A child of twelve years could do nothing in his own behalf, of course; but he had a temper and a will, of which old Pettibone Parker knew nothing; and the old miser shivered in his corner until the money which the Jew had paid him for Abner's wardrobe jingled like a peal of bells. And, in his terror, he swore so many terrible oaths, calling his Maker to witness how very very poor he was; that Abner, piously brought up as he had been, began to believe that he must indeed be poor, or he would not dare to speak so.

"Still you should have asked *me*—you know you should," the boy said, in a lower tone. "It was like stealing to take them so. And I could have told you that I wanted the towels and soap, and the paper and stamps and envelopes to write to Mrs. Crub, and my brushes and combs. The clothes I don't care so much about, except the shirts."

"No," said Pettibone Parker; "you've got your black suit, you know, and you want to wear mournin' fur the poor departed, yer know. And I'll give yer a nice red shirt, made out of one of mine, that won't need washin' for a year, and yew kin cut off an old pair of pants of mine, tew, and keep yewr black suit like I dew mine, fur best."

Poor Abner thought this would be best perhaps, and he carefully locked up his one suit and one shirt in his empty trunk and dragged it into his little room, and angry still, but a little sorry for Pettibone Parker after all, he sat down to his miserable breakfast. Again he loathed the tasteless dry bread and tea-tinged warm water too much to eat heartily, and again Pettibone rejoiced in his want of appetite.

After breakfast he slunk again to his window and looked out at the rain, still drizzling, and was as wretched as a child could be. Had he been of weaker frame or spirit he might have died of utter misery. But Abner was elastic. After a little while his great grief died away. All that had happened began to seem like a dream. In six months he was much himself again, and old Pettibone Parker found the bread, dry as it was, diminishing in the most astounding manner. Through the day Abner roamed at will through the little country place, and, prompted by natural craving for food, robbed apple trees and even hunted hens' nests and sucked the eggs. He found where blackberries and huckleberries grew and dyed his fingers with them. Through the spring and summer that followed his miserable winter at old Parker's he led a vagabond life, only going home to sleep at night sometimes. He believed old Pettibone to be wretchedly poor, and sometimes carried home stolen eggs and apples for him, an act which the rich old miser much applauded. Of course, his books and paper being stolen, poor Abner could not study and could not write to his friends; and clad in old Parker's cut down clothes, his shoes by this time worn out, his hair neglected and his face unwashed, the child looked and felt like a beggar. But, as most boys like an out-of-door life, there was some comfort in climbing trees and lying on the grass, and he might have been more unhappy.

But alas! all his good training was being lost and thrown away. He neither went to church nor to school. He had no thought of personal tidiness. Children who met him, themselves neat and spruce, spoke of him as that "dirty beggar boy." Dogs barked at him. Men and women drove him away from the fences of their gardens. He was terribly degraded even in this short time.

Sometimes he used to dream of the school and the pleasant studies pursued there, and of Mrs. Gault's pretty little home and all its comforts, and of her kisses and words of encouragement, and the old-fashioned pew in which they sat, walking to church hand in hand, and going home to a dainty cold dinner in the shady little dining room.

But he wakened to find old Pettibone's rickety roof over his head and to arise and wander about the country place like a beggar. He had an affectionate heart still, however, and having no one else to love, he tried to be fond of old Parker, and though wondering why he should be so poor, felt very sorry for him, until one eventful night, which changed his feeling towards the old man utterly.

Abner had caught cold wandering about marshy places with his ragged shoes, and was very feverish. Late in the night his longing for water grew too great to be borne, and he arose and went into the outer room to get a dipper full from the old pail which he had filled at nightfall. After he had swallowed it, his eye caught a gleam of light across the hall of the double house, in a room which was never used as far as he knew, and, in dread of fire, he ran towards the door, which stood ajar, and peeped in. There he saw a curious sight.

Pettibone Parker was kneeling upon the floor, with a flaring candle beside him, and before him a trap door lay open, into which, as Abner looked, the old man stretched his long, lean arm, and with a grunt of fatigue brought to view a leather bag, tied up at one end with a strong cord. He was so engrossed in his occupation that he did not hear Abner's approach, and the boy, creeping a little nearer, saw that below the door stood a rusty old refrigerator, its cover, for the present, likewise lifted. Another bag and a square tin box were here also, and, having seen this, the boy went back to the door again and peeped cautiously through a crevice, watching what followed with the most intense interest.

Old Parker, untying the bag which he had withdrawn, poured upon the floor, in a great glistening heap, from its mouth a quantity of gold—eagles, half-eagles, and quarter-eagles. They chinked and clinked and shone, and the old man ran his hands through them and chuckled audibly.

"Ah! how good it is," he said. "How good it is. How much better than wasting it on victuals and clothes. I've heard them laugh at old Pettibone Parker, in his old-fashioned coat, but they don't know how I count these beauties every night. Pretty darlings."

And the old man scooped a handful up, and mumbled a kiss over them.

"They're better than clothes; they wear out," he said. "They're better than children, for they'd eat and spend. They're better than anything else in the world. The dear, bright, yellow things. I won't spend one of 'em. I'll starve first."

Then, counting one by one, he dropped the gold pieces back into the bag, and tied it up again, and dropped it into its hiding-place, and drew forth the other. That was full of small silver only, but it seemed to please the old man quite as well. And when he had admired and counted these, he inspected the tin box. For the most valuable contents of the odd safe were in this; but the boy was not old enough to understand that, and he was young enough to magnify even the large sums of gold and silver threefold. When all this counting was over, and the safe was shut, and the trap-door fitted in, and covered by a heavy block of wood, and the old man arose, stiff with long stooping, and came toward the door, Abner stole back to his wretched bed-room and wept tears of rage and indignation.

Not poor, and starve him so! Rich, and rob him of his clothes and make a beggar of him! The imposition was terrible, and Abner felt it doubly because his warm, generous disposition had prompted him to a certain degree of self-sacrifice for the old man's sake. He had brought home and boiled many a stolen egg, and had refused to eat many a handful of fruit unlawfully come by. He had restrained his appetite at table, (dirt, alas! did not spoil it now,) that the loaf might not quite disappear under his attacks upon it, and he had not reproached the old man with the selling of his clothes after the first shock was over. In fact, as far as any one could contrive to feel love for this bloodless old monster, Abner felt it, just because he had been used to loving some one. The last sweet drop in his life was crushed out of it now. The beast was rich, and was systematically starving him, and lying to him, and cheating him.

"I hate him," said little Abner, clenching his small hands—"I hate him." And he looked up at the gray dawn breaking through the window panes with a look in his eyes that had never been seen there before. "I mean to have enough to eat," he said—"I'll have enough to eat. He has thousands and thousands of dollars. He has all my money that poor ma would have given me. I'll make him give me enough to eat!"

He came out when the miserable breakfast was made, with this resolve, and attacked the loaf without remorse. He broke off great pieces and eat ravenously, to the old man's horror. He had never fancied that the boy restrained his appetite, but believed that he indulged it to the utmost, and now that this was really the case, could not believe his eyes.

"I'm afraid you'll kill yourself, Abner," he said, in a very meek voice; "and we're so very poor, yew know. Yew may die of a surfeit, and not live tew grow up, and that would be dretful, you know, Aby, dear."

"I'm hungry still. I want more yet" said Aby.

"There aint any more," said Pettibone Parker. "I'm goin' tew get neighbor Brown tew giv' me a h'ist in his waggin tew the bakr's this mornin'."

But Abner scowled defiantly.

"I'm very hungry," he said.

"That can't be, Aby," said old Pettibone. "You've eat enough for a hog, you know. I'm sure you'll be sick from it."

And then he cowered in his chair, trembling and quaking, while Abner clenched his little hands, and turning towards him, shouted:

"You tell lies, Mr. Parker. You are not poor; you are rich—very rich. You have bags of gold—I know you have—bags and bags; and you have taken ma's money that she never meant to give you, and all my clothes, and you don't need to make me go hungry, and I won't. I haven't anything nice any more, and no boys won't play with me; and all winter I'm cold, and you starve me, too. I'll tell every body—I will—I will. When I thought you were poor, I felt sorry, and I wouldn't have talked so.

"I rich. *I!* ha, ha!" squealed Pettibone. "If you only knew how poor I was! Some one has been telling you lies. Those people in the village. They say I'm a miser. They tell lies about every one. You—you haven't *seen* anything?"

Old Parker's face was so horribly worked and twisted when he asked this question that Abner felt that if he should tell what he had seen his life might be in danger—that the old man might spring upon him and tear him to pieces. For the moment he was afraid of him, and only said:

"No matter; I'm sure you're rich."

"It's all a lie," said Pettibone Parker, subsiding into his natural mood again. "Everybody will say that, you'll find. Everybody. The poorer a man is the more they'll talk about his being rich. I expect I shall die in a poor-house. I feel pretty sure I shall; and you will, I know, if you eat so much every day, Abner."

And then old Pettibone Parker, seeing his neighbor's wagon on the road, hastily donned his ragged coat, put on a broad-brimmed hat, which, years before, a Quaker who had met with an upset on the road had lost from his head and which Pettibone had appropriated while he was insensible, as well as ten ears of corn and a muskmelon, snatched up a basket which would have disgraced a beggar, and ran out to beg a "lift" to the baker shop of which he had spoken.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SENSIBILITY.—To delicate minds, the unfortunate are always objects of respect, as the ancients held sacred those places which had been scathed by lightning. Thus the feeling heart considers the afflicted as touched by the hand of the Deity himself.

THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

We met not in the sylvan scene,
Where lovers wish to meet—
Where skies are briget, and woods are green,
And opening blossoms sweet;
But in the city's busy din,
Where Mammon holds his reign,
Sweet intercourse we sought to win,
Mid traffic, toil and gain.
Above us was a murky sky,
Around, a crowded space,
Yet dear, my love, to thee and me,
Was this—our trysting-place.

We dwell not on the linnet's note,
Or skylark's warbling lay;
We heard not murmuring zephyrs float
Upon the dewy spray;
But sounds of discord met our ear—
The taunt but ill repressed,
The miser's cold and cautious sneer,
The spendthrift's reckless jest.
Yet while we heard each other's tone,
And viewed each other's face,
We seemed sequestered and alone
In this—our trysting-place.

They err who say love only dwells,
Mid sunshine, light and flowers;
Alike to him are gloomy cells,
Or gay and smiling bowers.
Love wastes not on insensate things,
His sweet and magic art;
No outward shrine arrests his wings,
His home is in the heart!
And dearest, hearts like thine and mine,
With rapture must retrace,
How often love has deigned to shine,
On this—our trysting-place.

H. M.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.

The funeral of Fenton took place on the Sunday after his death. An immense concourse of people followed his remains to the family burying ground on his mother's place.

Guy Denham appeared with Mrs. Markland as one of the chief mourners, and every one present remarked how confidingly the bereaved mother clung to him. Many marvelled that it should be so; for, in spite of the verdict given in his favor, there were those who insisted that he alone was the guilty one, and but for Mrs. Markland's desire to screen from punishment so near a relative of her daughters, Denham would have been indicted for the murder.

He heard much of this, and writhed under it as only so high-toned a nature can under such grievous wrong; but never for one moment did he waver in the course he had marked out for himself.

Active efforts were made by the detectives employed to discover the assassin, but without any other result than to fix the belief in the minds of many that Denham alone had any interest in getting Godfrey Fenton out of his path. In vain did it become known that he had positively refused to accept from his aunt the estate she had purchased for her son. That was declared but a blind. After a sufficient time had elapsed to enable him to bring forward his pretensions, he would compensate himself for so small a sacrifice by securing the hand and fortune of the youthful widow of his victim.

Such was the gossip of the outside world; but those most deeply concerned in it appeared anxious to remain as far aloof from it as possible. The two families whose affairs occupied the attention of the whole community lived in the strictest seclusion for many weeks after the tragic night of the bridal.

Mrs. Langley and her brother were the only guests received, always welcomed at both houses as messengers of consolation.

Inez, accompanied by Mrs. Perkins, set out for New Orleans the day after the funeral. She was calm and sad, and quite decided as to her future life. She had written to the good priest under whose care she had travelled, and Father Espana met her on her arrival in the city, and took her at once to the Ursuline Convent, in which she was for the present received. It was her intention to visit Europe with a party of nuns who were going back to France; and after a year of probation in some religious house there, she might, or might not, decide to assume the black veil.

Such was the substance of the letter she sent back to Mrs. Langley. A postcript was added by Mrs. Perkins, stating that the health of her young lady was better than she dared to hope after all she had gone through, and her mind perfectly clear except on one subject. Inez still maintained that she held constant communion with her dead lover; and through the consolation derived from that source, she declared she was able to sustain her courage for the practical duties to which she had dedicated her life and fortune.

As the weeks passed on, and nothing resulted from the investigations of the police, Mr. Hastings began to cast aside a portion of the dread that had almost made his life a burden to him; but he was so changed that his nearest friends could scarcely recognize in the prematurely aged man the strong and healthy elderly gentleman of a few months back.

His spirits had utterly deserted him, and he resorted more than ever to the artificial stimulants, the use of which his wife so strongly deprecated. But she no longer had the power to avert the evil; he refused to listen to her remonstrances, and seemed indifferent to the reproachess he uttered. He once gloomily replied:

"It cannot last much longer, Laura. You will soon be rid of me and the trouble I give you, so let me have my own way at the last. If I hurt myself, I alone am to blame; and if you knew *all*, you would understand that I *must* dull the gnawing pain at my heart by the use of stimulants. It is impossible for me to do without them."

Mrs. Hastings looked into his face, saw there the ravages of the few past weeks, and, with sudden dread, asked:

"What is it, William? Why are you so changed since that dreadful night? Godfrey's death, terrible as it was, should not break you down thus. There must be something beside that on your mind, yet you conceal it from me. I am your wife; I have the right to know what so deeply concerns you."

"My dear Laura, you know all that is good for you to know. My burden, such as it is, must be borne by myself alone. When I am gone, perhaps you may learn the cause of my depression, and you will not have very long to wait. But while life lingers in my heart, I shall guard from your knowledge the secret that so heavily oppresses me. It is best so, Laura, as you will some day admit."

"Oh! William, you do not love me, or you would not speak thus," she exclaimed.

Mr. Hastings sadly replied:

"It is because I do love you; because I prize my home, saddened as it is, that I refuse the confidence you ask. When I am dead, should you chance to learn all, as perhaps you may, you will understand why I spared you the knowledge of that which could only render you more unhappy than my present reserve does. You will forgive me then, Laura, for I shall be beyond the reach of blame."

Mrs. Hastings was chilled and frightened. She tenderly said:

"Don't talk of dying and leaving me, William. Keep your secret if it is so vital to you to do so; and if you will only endeavor to brighten up a little, I will promise not to make an effort to pry into it."

He took her hand in his own, and gently said:

"You have been a loving and true wife to me, Laura, though you have sometimes sought to domineer over me with too royal a spirit; but I should have borne that better, knowing as I did my own unworthiness to claim you as my own at all. I have been a wretched sinner, and the punishment of my evil deeds has fallen on me in this world. I am bearing it now, and no one can help me; the heart alone can know its own bitterness."

He turned from her with a heavy sigh; and his wife, oppressed and bewildered by his words, left him again alone. She plainly saw that, unless something could be done to restore his mind to calmness, the end, as he himself said, must soon come, and she shrank with dread from the thought of losing him.

Mrs. Hastings summoned to her side the clergyman who had officiated on the occasion of the marriage, hoping that, through his means, consolation for the mysterious sorrow that was dragging her husband to the grave might be found. But Mr. Hastings refused to see him or to hold communion with him in any way. He dared not confess to Mr. Winston the cause of his depression, and he declared that he could pray for the forgiveness of his sins without the assistance of any theologian.

The only thing that seemed to cheer him was the visits of Guy Denham; and if he failed to call every day at Silvermere, a messenger was sent to summon him to the presence of Mr. Hastings. With Denham he could talk freely of the past, and he seemed to find a strange consolation in recalling every trivial incident connected with his early days and in dwelling on the hopes he had centered in the child, over whom he had never ceased to watch, although she was so widely separated from him.

Denham felt the deepest compassion for him; he saw that the weakness which had prompted him to deceive the woman he had so passionately loved still clung to him, and demonstrated itself in the downward path he was treading. Guy fully comprehended that the strain on body and mind could not last much longer. In any sudden access of emotion, the link that bound him to life might snap forever, and he tried to guard him from it in every possible manner.

Though so often, at Silvermere, Denham had seen Opal but once since the night of her hapless bridal. She was clad in the deepest mourning, and looked sad enough to have induced him to believe that she was grieving over the loss of her bridegroom, had not the tell-tale flush that came to her cheek and the sudden light that flashed into her eyes as he drew near her, proved to him that he was as welcome as in those old sweet days before Godfrey Fenton came to throw himself upon her path, and gain her unwilling consent to give him her hand.

But these outward tokens of emotion were instantly repressed; and with grave reticence she returned his salutations, and immediately retired to her own apartment to chide her own heart for the sudden bound it gave when Denham once more stood before her; to weep over her inability to feel as if every earthly hope was buried in the grave of Fenton.

Opal hated herself for feeling as if rescued from falling over the brink of the precipice on which she so lately stood, and believed herself wicked in not lamenting Godfrey's death with that abandonment of feeling which should have been felt by a widow so suddenly and so awfully bereaved.

But, in spite of her most strenuous efforts to be miserable, after the first shock had passed away, Opal found her heart lighter than it had been for weeks before her inauspicious marriage, and she gave up the struggle with the conviction that she was the most ungrateful of women. Poor Godfrey had loved her so dearly! and here she was almost happy in the thought that she was freed from the yoke she had thoughtlessly assumed before she had time to feel what a heavy burden it might become.

From childhood Opal had been very much attached to Mrs. Langley. She had confided to her all her girlish troubles; and, in the sad seclusion of her present life, the old habit resumed its sway. She confessed to her friend the state of her feelings with regard to what she owed to the memory of Fenton's devotion, yet which she could not force herself, by any mental discipline, to pay.

Mrs. Langley listened with interest to the artless confidence; and, after a few moments' reflection, asked:

"Would it wound you deeply, Opal, to know that from you, Godfrey merits no such mental suttee as you seem to think his due? Tell me the plain truth, my dear."

"Of course I will, Mrs. Langley, as far as I understand it myself. Since I am so hard and cold that I can't grieve over poor Godfrey as I ought, I scarcely think I should be wounded by finding out that he cared for somebody else, as that is what you mean, I suppose."

"That is precisely what I mean, Opal. I have hesitated about telling you of that poor girl, and her long pilgrimage hither, to find desertion and despair awaiting her at the end of her journey. But the ingenuous expression of your feelings has determined me to tell you all, and leave you to form your own opinion as to the sincerity of poor Godfrey's protestations."

Opal regarded her with a half-startled look, and faintly said:

"Go on, if you please. If there is any thing to be told, it is not right to keep me in the dark about it."

Mrs. Langley sat down beside her, passed her arm around her, and, in low-measured accents, gave her the history of Fenton's engagement to Inez; of her journey to Natchez to find him on the eve of marriage with another; also of the confession of Mrs. Markland over the dead body of her son, that she had urged him on to the union she wished him to make; and, finally, the departure of Inez for New Orleans, in heart-broken resignation to the doom that had fallen on her faithless idol.

As she listened, all Opal's sympathies went forth toward the wronged and unhappy girl who had been so heartlessly deserted when Fenton believed her fortune lost to her, and she fully understood why she had herself been preferred before Inez Lopez. Contempt and anger surged up in her heart toward her recreant lover, but they were speedily quenched in the thought that all the wrong he had committed had been terribly atoned for by the loss of his life within a few hours after he had secured the bride for whose wealth he had paid so heavy a price.

She was silent a long time after Mrs. Langley ceased speaking, and then said:

"It is a sad tale, but I am not sorry that I have heard it. 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay.' Those awful words come to me as the solution of what has lately happened here. As to myself, I am most thankful that I have been saved from learning this as Godfrey Fenton's wife. It could not long have been concealed from me, and I must have shrunk away from the man who could play the part he did toward me even while his heart was filled with the image of another. Godfrey is dead, and I will respect the sanctity of the tomb, but I will no longer try to make myself miserable because I cannot grieve over his loss as his widow should

If I dared, or my mother would permit me to do such a thing, I would lay aside this 'mockery of woe,' for when the heart is not in sympathy with black robes, I see no propriety in wearing them."

"That would be going too far, Opal. Wear the outward symbols of respect for the man to whom you gave your hand, and afford the carping outside world no cause for gossip. I have told you this sad story to remove from your heart the self-accusing spirit that rendered you unhappy, for I could not bear to see your bright face clouded by the struggle that was going on within you."

"Thank you. I only wish that I had known this before; it would have saved me many wretched hours. I only consented to accept Godfrey because he led me to believe that he was sincerely attached to me, and I have thought myself base and ungrateful when I could not grieve over his loss as a bereaved bride should. I am glad that the struggle has ended, even by knowing that he was not worthy to be deeply lamented by me. I do not think that Mrs. Markland has treated me quite well either; but I will not betray to her the knowledge I have gained. In me she shall always find an attentive and affectionate daughter-in-law. I feel the deepest sympathy for her, for she must now bitterly accuse herself as the cause of the wrong Godfrey committed against the unhappy girl who acted as an angel of forgiveness toward her."

"That is right, dear. Aunt Gertrude is too deeply stricken to awake any other feeling than compassion in your tender heart. She will never cease to mourn Godfrey's death, though I can see that she is beginning to turn to her younger children for comfort. She is far less stern and exacting with Dora and Jenny than she has hitherto been. In other days I have felt hardly toward her myself on account of her unjust treatment of my brother, but she has made noble reparation, and I have now no feeling for her but affection and respect."

From that day Opal became her former sweet and gentle self. She devoted as much of her time as possible to her failing father, and sought to brighten his sad life by her cheerful companionship.

The days passed on in monotonous quiet, and still no tidings came from Nina. Mr. Hastings began to look for them with restless impatience. She had promised to write when she had anything to say that was of interest to him, yet she had failed to do so.

Spring had opened, and all nature was bright with rejuvenated life. The trees waved their boughs, clothed with tender green, in the warm, sunlit air, and flowers bloomed in beauty, while the birds carolled their sweetest songs through the woodland; but the awakening of so much life and beauty only more deeply depressed the doomed man who had ceased to find joy in anything.

A weight of apprehension he could not shake off, kept the spirits of Mr. Hastings at their lowest ebb, and he watched for the arrival of his letters from town with a feverish eagerness that was pitiful to behold.

One bright afternoon in May, Denham came back from Natchez with a letter for Mr. Hastings, which bore the Norfolk postmark. He was alone in his library when his visitor entered, and the first glance he gave at the superscription of the letter blanched his face to the hue of death.

He faintly gasped:

"It is from Anna Moore! It is nineteen years since I have looked upon her writing, and what can she have to say to me now? Oh, heaven! what new anguish is in store for me!"

Denham would have left him to read the letter alone, but he detained him by saying:

"Don't leave me, Guy. Lock the door to prevent any one from intruding on us, and stay by [illegible] need you for I feel very faint and ill."

Denham turned the key in the lock, and offering him a glass of water, soothingly said:

"Pray compose yourself, dear sir; the letter may contain little to agitate you after all."

Mr. Hastings shook his head drearily, and continued to hold the envelope in his hand as if dreading to open it. At length with an effort he tore it apart and drew forth a sheet of closely-written paper. With dilating eyes he read the following lines:

"WILLIAM HASTINGS, you blighted my young life, and now you have filled the measure of your wrongs by betraying my painful secret to the being I am so unfortunate as to claim as my child. Nina is here!—in this town—and she has found means to inform me of the cruel want of faith of which you have been guilty.

"She is worthy to claim as her father the man who practiced so shameful a deception on the woman who loved and trusted him, as I once did you, for she threatens me with exposure if I do not give her a larger sum of money than it is possible for me to raise without the knowledge of my husband.

"Through all these years I have never had the courage to reveal to him my wretched past, and if he now becomes aware of it I am firmly convinced that he will put me from him—that he will take from me my young children, thus leaving me desolate indeed.

"You may think, because I gave Nina up so readily, that the maternal instinct cannot be very strong in my heart, but it is not so. I recoiled from *her*, because she was the daughter of the man who had so bitterly wronged me, but for these little helpless ones I have all a mother's clinging love, and to be severed from them will be a fatal blow to me.

"I demand of you that you shall send me without delay the money to bribe this wretched creature to silence. I ask it as my right, since you have exposed me to this misery and humiliation.

"Nina has forced her way into my presence, once when she knew my husband to be absent; she reproached me with deserting her in her infancy, and the things she uttered were too dreadful to be borne, though in one respect I find that you have done me justice. You confessed to her that while I lived with you as your wife, I believed you to be bound to me by every legal tie. That much I thank you for, but you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that she threatens to bring forward that shameful record and attempt to prove that you were my lawful husband, thus fixing upon both of us the charge of bigamy.

"She declared to me that she would do anything to remove from herself the stain of illegitimacy, and fix it on the daughter of your present wife. Oh! William, why have you laid this new sorrow upon me? Have I not borne enough at your hands, without being thus persecuted by this wretched girl, who seems as destitute of feeling as she is of principle.

"Nina has but one thought—her own interest, and her greed of money is insatiable. She admits that you have given her ten thousand dollars, and she demands as much more of me as the price of her silence. Appeals to her mercy were vain; she only answered them by saying:

"'You would not give me a mother's love, but you shall provide for me as your daughter. Your husband is rich; give me what I ask, and I will leave you to such peace as so great a hypocrite may find in the home of as good a man as every one says your husband is.'

"Think what I felt while listening to such words from the lips of my own daughter! I could only rid myself of her by promising to do what I could for her, but I asked for time in which to raise the money she insists on having.

"She granted me a month's grace, but she finds means to show herself to me every day. I cannot look from my window on the street that I do not see her walking slowly to and fro, and our neighbors begin to notice and talk of her as an escaped lunatic.

"If you do not release me from this persecution, I shall do something desperate. ANNA."

With a deep groan Mr. Hastings dropped the letter and sunk back upon his seat; he faintly gasped:

"Read it, Guy. Do what you can to save the writer—I—I am going—going——"

In extreme alarm Denham loosened his necktie and sprinkled water over his face, but after a few gasping sobs the broken-hearted man sunk into immobility and his features rapidly settled into that calm rigidity which tells its own story to him who has once looked on death.

In that hour of supremest anguish the penalty of wrong-doing was paid, and the spirit had gone to meet its award at a higher tribunal than that of earth.

When convinced that life was indeed extinct, Denham put the letter in his pocket to prevent it from falling into the possession of Mrs. Hastings or her daughter. He then unlocked the door and ordered a servant to go for Dr. Wiseman and bring him to the assistance of his master as speedily as possible.

Denham placed the worn form upon the couch and, aided by Chloe, who hastened to the library on hearing of Mr. Hastings' seizure, every effort was made to restore animation, though he had from the first no hope of success.

Mrs. Hastings and her daughter had driven over to Magnolia that afternoon to spend a few hours with Mrs. Markland, and on their return they were met by a messenger bearing the tidings of the sudden illness of the husband and father they had left in his usual health.

By the time they reached home the physician was already there, and in a brief space of time the sad conviction came to them that all was over.

We pass over the sad days that followed. At first Mrs. Hastings was inconsolable, for she had loved her husband as truly and tenderly as such a woman is capable of loving; and Opal tried to arouse herself from her own grief to comfort her mother under the sad loss they had sustained.

Guy Denham read the letter, as the dying words of Mr. Hastings had commanded him, and he soon decided on the course he must pursue.

When the funeral was over, and Mrs. Hastings had in some measure regained control of her grief, Denham sought an interview with her to unfold to her what must now be told if he would save the suffering woman who had written that last appeal to the author of her misery.

In the course of his confidences on this subject Mr. Hastings had said to him that after his decease, if any necessity arose for this course, Guy must inform his wife of the relationship of Nina to himself. He could see no other alternative now, and with many misgivings Denham proceeded to lay before Mrs. Hastings as much of her husband's early history as it was necessary for her to know in the present position of affairs.

She wept bitterly as she listened, and seemed to have but one remorseful thought which swallowed up all resentment for the long deception he had practised on herself.

"To think," she sobbed, "that I was jealous of her! that I made him miserable while she was in this house, and she was his own daughter! Oh! William! William! if I only had you back again! If I could only show you how sorry I am for the hard words I have said and done, I should be happy—happy! Why did he not tell me, Guy? What induced him to withhold his revelation till after he was gone?"

"He thought it best to do so," replied Denham, evasively; "and I have spoken of these things to you, Mrs. Hastings, because something must be done for the unhappy mother of Nina, to prevent her from being ruined by her own child. She is respectably married, and Nina demands money of her to prevent exposure both of her and of your deceased husband. You are rich and liberal—you would pay handsomely sooner than have this disgraceful story become known, or the near connexion of such a girl as Miss Gordon with your own daughter suspected."

She uttered an exclamation of horror.

"I would not have it known for half my fortune! Make terms with her, Guy; I will give you authority to draw on my merchant for as much money as you may need, though I have already settled ten thousand dollars on this girl. As much more will probably buy her off altogether, though she is to understand that she is never to intrude her claims on me again."

"I can easily settle that," replied Denham. "Half the sum you have named will enable me to rid you effectually of Miss Gordon. If you will give me an order for five thousand dollars, I will pledge you my word that she shall never annoy you again."

Mrs. Hastings wrote the order, Denham put it in his pocket, and when he was alone again he sat down and wrote the following letter to Nina:

ASHWOOD, May 12, 18—.

Three days since, Mr. Hastings was laid in his grave, brought to his death by a letter from your mother which is now in my possession. From that I learn that you have persecuted the unhappy lady who wrote it, in the hope that you will be able to extort money from her. I have but few words to say to such a woman as you are, Miss Gordon, and they shall be to the point. I have in my possession such evidence as brings conviction to my own mind that *you* destroyed Godfrey Fenton, using my pistol which you took from a window in the library at Silvermere, intending to fix the stigma of the murder on *me*.

I will state to you the grounds of my belief in your criminality, and you can judge for yourself what chance of escape will remain to you if I become your accuser.

You purchased in Natchez a suit of boy's clothing made of gray cloth, and a dark fur cap. The boat on which you embarked for New Orleans lay several hours at the cotton landing only a mile from Silvermere on the night on which the murder was perpetrated. The road between the two places was well known to you, as I am aware that you rode over it more than once while you were a member of Mr. Hastings' family.

You walked from the landing wearing the disguise you had purchased, over which a dark travelling shawl was wrapped. You entered the grounds around Silvermere, and concealed yourself in the shrubbery, watching a favorable opportunity to commit the fatal deed you meditated. One soon offered, for Fenton unfortunately came out and walked down the carriage drive. You shot him to death, and dropped the weapon you had used that it might be found and identified as mine.

These are *facts* that I can establish, for I have secretly ascertained the house at which the disguise you used was purchased, and the clerk who waited on you can identify you.

I have borne the humiliation of being accused of your crime. I still bear the suspicion that will always follow me till the truth can be proclaimed, and I have spared you because I would not have the position you hold toward Mr. Hastings and his daughter become known to the world.

Your father confided to me the whole of that sad story, and thus prevented me from taking such steps for your arrest as I had contemplated. I offer you two alternatives. Leave this country at once, and never return to it, keeping in your own possession the secret of your parentage. Release your unhappy mother from your persecutions, and accept the sum of five thousand dollars, which, with the ten thousand already settled on you, shall be placed to your credit in the house of Baring & Brothers in London.

That is the utmost limit of what shall be done for you; and if you do not at once accept these terms, I will have you arrested on the charge of wilful murder, and, regardless of consequences to you or others, I will pursue you to the utmost extremity of the law.

On the reception of this, telegraph to me immediately in these words—"Your terms are accepted," or take the consequences, for I am terribly in earnest. I give you ten days grace, and if I do not hear from you at the end of that time, it will be too late to save yourself. GUY DENHAM.

He took the letter himself to Natchez, and posted it. As he had anticipated, on the evening of the tenth day the telegram came, and two weeks later Denham found the name of Nina Gordon among the list of passengers who had embarked on a European steamer.

CHAPTER LVII.

The shock of her father's sudden death seriously affected both the health and spirits of Opal, and Mrs. Hastings aroused herself from the indulgence of her own grief to devise some means of bringing back cheerfulness to her drooping child.

The listless dejection into which the young girl had fallen threatened the most serious results, and Dr. Wiseman advised change of scene as the only remedy.

Mrs. Hastings remembered how much pleasure Opal's anticipated tour to Europe had afforded her, and she determined to take her to Paris, remain there two years, and allow her daughter the benefit of masters to complete her imperfect education. They would then travel another year, and by that time she trusted that the memories of the few last months would cease to leave their sad impress on the mind of her daughter.

Mrs. Hastings had an uncle living in Paris—the youngest brother of her mother—with whom she had kept up a straggling correspondence for many years past. M. Latour was a wealthy banker, and to him she now wrote to engage apartments for herself and make such arrangements for her reception as would prevent her from feeling as a stranger in a strange land.

Opal assented to this proposal with some gleam of her former brightness, though she soon sunk again into the dreamy apathy from which she found it almost impossible to arouse herself.

When Mrs. Markland heard of the proposed tour, she declared that she would accompany them, taking Dora and Jenny with her. They could be placed at boarding school, and receive such educational advantages as could not be commanded near their home; so it was settled that the two families were to embark in the latter part of June, and Guy Denham was to act as agent for the estates they left behind them.

At the end of two years, he and Mrs. Langley were to join his aunt in Paris, and travel with the whole party through the most interesting portions of Europe.

With many regrets Denham saw his fair idol depart; but he knew that it was best for them both that the sea should roll between them. He could not be near Opal and not betray the engrossing passion of his soul; yet he felt that, situated as he was, it would be unjust to her to seek her in any way while the cloud that hung over himself precluded all thought of a union between them.

Adoringly as Denham loved her, he dared not give strength to the doubts of his innocence which were still expressed by others, by becoming the husband of Grey Fenton's widowed bride. He believed that Opal loved him; that one cause of her dejection was the certainty in her own mind that, until the assassin was revealed, a union between them was impossible; so he armed his soul with endurance, and made such business arrangements as were necessary both for his aunt and Mrs. Hastings.

Mrs. Langley and himself accompanied them to New Orleans, and saw the party embark on a French steamer under the protection of a merchant of that city who was going to Europe as the agent of the firm of which he was a member.

Opal promised Mrs. Langley to write to her regularly, and so they parted.

The voyage to Havre was prosperous, and the transit from there to Paris was rapidly and safely made. M. Latour had been warned of the addition to the party, and they found delightful apartments engaged for them, with such domestic service as they would require.

M. Latour, a handsome, gray-haired man of sixty, met his niece at the railroad dépot and conducted her to her new residence. He was a bachelor, and lived *garçon*, as he explained to her, or he would have received them in his own establishment.

The sea voyage had already benefitted Opal, and she looked on the novel scenes around her with something of her former vivacity. A few weeks were given to objects of interest to be found in the city and its vicinity, and then the two younger girls were settled in their *pension*. Opal commenced under competent masters the course of studies she intended to pursue, and the three ladies led together a quiet, but very pleasant life, visited constantly by M. Latour, and occasionally a few of his friends whom he thought worthy to be received by them.

Opal wrote frequently to Mrs. Langley, giving her vivid pictures of what she saw, and, from her letters, her distant friends gained the impression that her mind had recovered its elasticity, and hope again threw its halo over her young and sanguine heart.

In these epistles there was always a message for Denham, and these evidences of unabated interest in himself afforded new food to the passion that had grown with his growth and strengthened with every year of his life, hopeless as a future union between them seemed to be.

The two years of separation passed over with leaden feet to him, but at length the glad hour came in which he could embark for the land that held the being most dear to him on earth. He could think of nothing, dream of nothing but the happiness of beholding Opal once more, and he put far behind him the dreadful thought that, loving her as he must ever do, he dared not attempt to make her his own.

Fortune had dealt kindly with Denham in the two past years. By some lucky speculations he had nearly trebled the fortune bequeathed to him by his cousin, and, in addition to this, the large salary allowed him by his aunt and Mrs. Hastings had been left to accumulate. Denham felt that he was rich enough for every rational purpose. He was glad to be independent in fortune, as every one should be, but he felt as if all the gold of Midas could never bring joy to him unless he could find means to erase from his name the blot that rested on it, and claim Opal Hastings as the partner of his life.

Reckless of future suffering to himself, he was about to throw himself within the sphere of her enchantments again; but to see her—to listen to the music of her voice—to bask in the soft light of her eyes—would such supreme happiness to him that he was willing to risk all his future peace to attain it.

During those two years nothing had been heard from Nina Gordon, save that the money deposited to her credit in London had been drawn. Where she was, whither she had gone, was a profound mystery, though Denham vaguely hoped that retributive justice would yet overtake her, and the truth be proclaimed to the world, without betraying the connexion between the criminal and the Hastings family.

At long intervals Mrs. Langley received letters from Inez. She had taken up her abode in Rome, assuming the dress and performing the duties of a Sister of Charity, though by a special dispensation she was permitted to do so without taking the vows of a nun. She devoted her large means to works of benevolence, and she wrote that she had found the peace which passeth all understanding, and no longer wept over the wreck of her early dream of love.

To see Inez again was one of the strongest inducements to Mrs. Langley to undertake a voyage across the Atlantic, for she had a great dread of the sea. Inez declared that she never intended to return to the land in which she had suffered so much, and her friend was willing to risk the dangers of shipwreck so vividly portrayed to her fancy, to behold again the girl who had so deeply interested her.

Mrs. Langley's fears seemed to bring their own fulfilment, for their voyage was unusually tempestuous; and after many days of tossing to and fro upon the unruly waves the cry of land was hailed with delight by all on board the ship. It was the coast of France that was dimly visible, and a few hours later Denham and his sister were glad to find themselves safe on terra firma again.

After a few hours rest, they set out for Paris, and on the evening of a brilliant day in June they arrived at the lodgings of their friends. Apartments had been secured for them in the same house, and it had been settled that after the brother and sister had seen the lions of the city, the whole party, including Mrs. Markland and her daughters, should set out on their projected tour.

The travellers were ushered into a reception room, the walls of which were nearly lined with mirrors, and the next instant a young creature, bright with health and happiness, came flying in to welcome them.

"Oh, Guy—dear Guy—dearest Mrs. Langley, I did not dare hope to see you so soon among us. Your letter only came yesterday telling us that you had actually embarked, and hoped to be here this week. But mamma has secured apartments for you, and you will live with us."

She threw herself on Mrs. Langley's bosom, while she held out one of her hands to Denham. He carried it impulsively to his lips, and Mrs. Langley kissed her again and again. She then held her off from her, gazing with fond admiration on the lovely face, with the old fluctuating gleam of color lighting up the pure pearliness of her complexion.

In the two past years Opal had developed into perfect womanhood, and the rounded contour of her exquisite form, the refined elevation of soul expressed in her eloquent face gave the crowning charm to her rare loveliness.

Mrs. Langley delightedly exclaimed:

"How wonderfully you have improved, my dear! you really seem transfigured. I thought you charming before, but you are irresistible now."

Opal laughed, blushed, and glanced half-shyly at Denham, who still held her hand clasped in his own while he gazed on her in a trance of rapture.

She brought him to his sober senses again, by softly withdrawing her hand and archly saying:

"I am afraid Guy does not agree with you; he seems struck dumb by disappointment. But I have done my best, sir critic, and if I am not a genuine Parisienne, it is not my fault, nor yet that of my mother."

Denham recovered himself, and hastened to say:

"I am only so much dazzled and enchanted by the vision of loveliness that has burst upon me that I have no words in which I can adequately express my feelings. You have improved indeed, Opal; but I do not believe that any thing could make you so artificial as a genuine Parisienne is bound to be. You are the same creature of nature and impulse that I have known and admired from my boyhood."

"*Admired?* Oh, Guy, if that is all, you had better go back to your own home and leave me to forget the past!"

Was the thought that came to the heart of the fair listener; but she only smiled, and said:

"Tardy praise is better than none. I warn you that my love of approbation is excessive; and, from those I highly regard, I expect—appreciation."

"You must always have that, and more, from me—and from my sister," he added, as he became conscious how much his words implied.

At this crisis Mrs. Hastings came in, followed by Mrs. Markland and her daughters; and such a welcome as the travellers received was worth even the stormy voyage across the ocean from which they had just escaped.

The happy party gathered around the supper table that night, and Denham rejoiced to see that his aunt had recovered her former tranquility of manner, and he felt sure that Mrs. Hastings had ceased to mourn the loss of her unhappy husband. Dora had grown into a dark-eyed houri of seventeen, and he was glad to see that the pride of Mrs. Markland was as great in her loveliness as it had once been in the fair promise of her idolized son.

The programme of the proposed tour was determined on, and the hours sped by on wings of light. At a late hour they separated to meet again the next morning over an early breakfast. After it was over Opal and Dora set out with the new-comers to commence a survey of the wonders of Paris. The month allotted to the city and its vicinity passed by so rapidly that two at least of the party were almost unconscious of the flight of time.

In visiting works of art, and spots famous in history, Opal found new delight in the society of one so capable of lending a new interest to them as she found Guy to be. He was a good scholar, an extensive reader, and possessed that appreciation for all that is grand or beautiful, which most deeply charms the heart of an impulsive and enthusiastic girl.

Opal listened to him as to an oracle, and thought his criticisms worthy to be printed in letters of gold. To her he was wisest, best, and she did not scruple to shew him in what high esteem she held him. Opal felt sure that Denham loved her, and she knew that to no other would she ever again give the hand to which he was too delicate to put forth any claim till he could do so in the sight of men without one voice to condemn him as the perpetrator of the deed which had restored her freedom to her.

So long as Opal felt the sweet assurance of his affection, she was contented that it should be so. If fate forbade a closer union, they could be fast and devoted friends, and Opal believed that she could be happy in being ever near him—in daily seeing him, even if she could never become his wife.

For a season Denham, too, was happy in the mere delight of her presence; but the passion that daily gained strength soon rendered him restless and wretched. He wanted her for his very own, to be all in all to him, yet he saw no means of bridging the gulf the accusation against himself as the assassin of her bridegroom had opened between them.

At times he felt tempted to abjure his country forever; live far away from those who had so persistently asserted his guilt, and accepting the happiness he had only to put forth his hand to grasp, give up his native land for its dear sake.

But the bitter thought came that even in his self-imposed exile the insinuations so derogatory to himself might be whispered. The voice of scandal might even implicate her fair name in the charges against himself, and Denham shrank from the temptation as a sin against the woman he so adoringly loved.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Willing Mind.

The prerogative of the will is such that, where it commands the hand to give alms, the leg to kneel or go to church, or the tongue to utter a prayer, all these things will infallibly be done. But suppose a man be bound hand and foot by some outward violence, or be disabled by the palsy; can the will, by its command, make a man in such a condition utter a prayer, kneel, or go to church? It is manifest that it cannot. But, then, you are to know also that neither is vocal prayer, nor bodily kneeling, nor going to church, in such a case, any part of the obedience required of such a person. The mere act of his will is that man's whole obedience; and, for that very cause, and for no other, he stands accepted before God.

* * *

POWER OF INTEGRITY.—Reproaches have no power to afflict the man of unblemished integrity, or the abandoned profligate, it is the middle compound character which is alone miserable; the man who, without firmness enough to avoid a dishonorable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.

AUNT JANE'S STRATEGY.

BY RUTHELLA SCHULTZ.

"Does Dr. Boardman live here?"

"Guess not, ma'am. There's a gentleman o' that name livin' up stairs, but I guess he aint no doctor."

"I think it must be Dr. Boardman; will you please inquire?"

Recognizing the voice at the door, Frank ran down, exclaiming:

"How glad I am to see you, Aunt Jane! Come right up."

Aunt Jane, a corpulent old lady, rustled her silks up the stairs and into the room, talking all the while.

"Why, Doctor, what a time I've had to find you! Haven't put your sign up yet? Well, I never saw such a careless man! How are folks to find you?"

"Do be still, Aunt Jane," said Frank, in an undertone. "No one here knows that I'm a doctor."

Annie, his young wife, closed the door cautiously.

"O, Aunt Jane!" she exclaimed, "you talk just as if——"

"As if—what, I should like to know! Folks here don't know you're a doctor, eh? Time they did, then, and I mean to let them know it! Here I've been, the blessed day, going up and down the street, inquiring for you."

"Didn't you know our number? Thought I gave it to you——"

"Know it? of course I did. But I determined that everybody in the street should hear tell of you. So I began at the lower end, and inquired at every house, all the way up, whether Dr. Boardman lived there. I asked if they knew where he did live—I was sure he was somewhere in the neighborhood, and I wanted to find him. Didn't call anywhere on this block, for I thought your sign would answer the purpose. By the way, I'll send your Uncle Bob around, as soon as I go home, to put it up for you.

"Your rooms look very nice, children, considering that you haven't been housekeeping a week yet. After awhile, when you fairly get to living, there'll be a book out of place here and there, and a newspaper on the table, and a chair or so in the middle of the floor, to say nothing of your desk. Why don't you pull out one o' those drawers, and toss some old letters on the top of your desk, and have a penwiper, and half a dozen pens lying beside your inkstand? Three or four of those great big doctor's books would look well there, stood up on end, and leaning on each other. Do put some old scraps in your waste basket, and try to look a little like business! This isn't office hours, is it, Frank? What are you doing in the house, then? Take your hat this minute, and go in a hurry, as if you were sent for!"

Frank obeyed as quickly as possible, for Aunt Jane was not to be disregarded. When he returned, Annie met him, with a silent embrace, at the head of the stairs. As soon as the door was closed:

"O, Frank! you can't think what Aunt Jane did!" she exclaimed.

"What, Annie?"

"Well,—that's the way my stories always begin, you know,—well, when you were gone, Aunt Jane wanted to see your sign, and I showed it to her. She said—'Rediculous! the idea of putting out a shingle that shines like a new dollar! Why, everybody'd know that he'd never had a patient!' Then she told me to get some coal ashes; and, Frank, she actually scoured your new sign till its beauty was all gone! All the 'Japan' came off in spots. I almost cried, but she said—'Now, Annie, none o' your nonsense!' and I didn't dare. Then she said—'You know very well, nobody wants to employ a young physician. To be sure, they won't stop to look at his shingle: it might be old, or it might be new; and they wouldn't know the difference. But people take impressions ten times where they think once. Some people never think; they live by impressions. We say of such a one, he's a thinking man: that's because we know that he depends on something more than impressions. You meet a shabby-looking fellow in the street: you don't know whether his boots or his coat or his necktie is out of order, but the minute you set your eyes on him you know that he's seedy. So people take impressions of you from your dress and your gait; and of the doctor from his manner and—his sign. As long as a man has to depend on his sign, as Frank does, an old one is more respectable than a new one. It looks like practice—it looks like experience. If it is a little bit battered, as if it had been taken off some other house, so much the better.' And, Frank, she actually bent your sign crooked, and then bent it back again, so that it would look 'a little the worse for wear,' as she said. Then Aunt Jane was in a great hurry to say good-bye. She wanted to send Uncle Bob around right away, so that your sign would be up before you came. I'm dreadfully sorry, Frank, but you ar'n't angry, are you? You know Aunt Jane meant well."

Frank kissed her sorrowful lips, laughing at her pretty apology.

"No, Annie, I couldn't be angry with Aunt Jane if I tried. I don't know but there's some philosophy in the old lady's reasoning, though it is rather tough to have a fellow's things spoiled in that way. But it can't be helped now; wouldn't do to take it down. I thought my sign looked queer when I came in; but I couldn't well see it, for the folks down stairs were taking my measure from the window."

"I suppose," said Annie, seating herself on his knee and twining her arms about his neck, "I suppose they are very curious by this time. When Aunt Jane went, she talked about the "doctor" all the way down stairs. Then Uncle Bob came and sounded your trumpet well, I assure you."

"Perhaps Aunt Jane has made me my fortune. Who knows? At all events, she has done her best, and I shall hold her in everlasting remembrance; whether gratefully or otherwise I can't say yet. The result shall decide."

"Ah! no, Frank. Be grateful for the intended kindness, let it result as it may."

"Yes, yes, Annie; didn't you know I was jesting?"

Frank's "perhaps" proved to be a certainty. In less than a week he was aroused at midnight to attend a child dangerously ill with croup.

"It was merely by accident that I learned of you," explained the father as he led the way to his house. "An old lady was inquiring for you at our house, and my little son told me one evening that he had seen your sign at Number 60."

Frank found the child in imminent peril, but he was equal to the emergency. In the course of a month, having treated several cases with marked success, he was rapidly introduced to practice.

Still in the prime of life, he has long enjoyed an independent fortune. Annie is still beautiful, still trustful, "still careful in many things."

Often, in the happiness of their elegant home, surrounded with lovely sons and daughters, they speak of Aunt Jane, who was long since laid to rest, and never fail to acknowledge that to her innocent strategy they owe much of their success in life.

* * *

—Youth is fed by poetry and imagination; mature age by realities; as plants draw all their nourishment from the air until they bear fruit, and afterwards, from the ground only.

IT MAY BE.

BY RUTHELLA SCHULTZ.

Mother, it may be that in years to come,
When deeper lines are graven on thy brow,
When thou art nearer thy eternal home,
Nearer thy long, last rest than thou art now;
It may be that when Day, declining, slants
Westward his golden bars, and Memory's wild,
Bright waters are at rest; mother, perchance
The solitary hour may be beguiled
With thinking on thy fond, thy darling April child!

It may be, mother, that in distant lands
I shall be wandering, afar from thee;
Or, on the ocean, toward foreign strands
I may be hastening. Or it may be—
And thus it seems to me, yet not with dread—
That still and cold thine April child may lie!
Think of me, mother dear, when I am dead,
Forgetful of my faults! oh, tenderly,
Tenderly think of me, when in the grave I lie!

Mother, I know that you, at least, will mourn!
I cannot say, "Weep not," for I would have
Eyes filled with bitter tears when I am gone!
All joy in life, and all the bliss I crave
Of earth or heaven, is love! There may be none
Save mother, sister, brother, who will weep
When to the narrow bed my form is borne;
But then my memory will kindly keep
When many a summer shines above my dreamless sleep!

Yet, mother, it may be that I shall live
To see thee droop thy head; to watch thee dying!
To hear thy sorrowful farewells; to give
Thy dust to Earth again! To see thee lying
Shrouded and coffined, in the deep, deep grave!
To hear it fall, and see the cold earth fill
Thy narrow bed! To see above thee wave
The fragrant cups where tears and dews distil,
Of flowers my hands have planted on the green, low hill!

But, mother, this my prayer: O, may it be
If God shall call us to the Better Land
Or soon or late; around his throne that we
May greet again our own beloved band!
O, happiness of heaven! O, perfect love!
O, spirits glorified, and forms made fair!
When shall we walk with you the courts above!
Hear, gracious Father, hear our fervent prayer—
Of all we love, let not one form be missing there!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXXII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

A STRANGE AND STARTLING ENCOUNTER!

The ship on board which we had thus gained a footing proved to be the *Israel Putnam*, owned in, and bound for, Boston, with a cargo of wine and fruit. The captain's name was Isaac Dadman, and among the first points of mutual interest established between us was the fact that he had sailed several voyages with my father. Of course we were good friends from that time, and as the services of Fiddy and myself were much needed on board, our situation was a very pleasant one. During the first night I established myself in the good graces of the crew by relating to them some of my adventures; and as they judged from my manner of spinning the yarns that I had plenty more in reserve, they promised themselves much pleasure in my companionship; and I may say here that I do not think they were disappointed.

The ship was indeed short-handed, and when the captain found that I was thoroughly posted in navigation he called upon me often to assist him in that department. We were blessed with fair winds, and from the fourteenth to the nineteenth of December we rap off an average of ten knots an hour. We had hoped to reach home by the first day of January; but it was not until the third that we entered Massachusetts Bay, and on the morning of the fourth we took a pilot on board, and ran up Boston Harbor. There was some trouble about getting to our place at the wharf, so that we were forced to lie in the stream until late in the afternoon of the fifth.

I had been on board the *Israel Putnam* not quite a month; but under the circumstances the captain gave me fifty dollars, remarking that I could consider half of it as lent, which I could repay if I ever found myself abundantly able. I took the money because I needed it, for I was forced to borrow clothing of my mates until I could go on shore and buy some. Fiddy and I went together to a good clothing-store, and we were fortunate enough to hit a man who had a warm and sympathizing heart in his bosom. One of the mates went with us, and told to the dealer our story, whereupon he told us if we would select what we wanted we might have it for just what it had cost him. In this way I got a good warm suit of clothes, and a substantial pea-jacket, and had twenty dollars left.

That night—Saturday—Fiddy and I slept in the forecastle of the ship; and early on the following morning we went up to the stage-office in Elm street. There was a covered sleigh to start for Salem within an hour, but none to Malden; so I left my companion to take the stage, while I started off on foot. The distance to my old home in Malden was only five miles, and the walk would be invigorating. We were both to return and help unload the ship, so we only said a pleasant "good-bye" as I set forth.

Once more Sabbath morning, and once more approaching the scenes of my early childhood! How natural it all seemed. On I plodded, until at length I reached the brow of Green's Hill, and there I stopped and looked down upon the old home. It was the first house by the roadside from there. The blue smoke was curling up from the great square chimney, and I knew there was comfort within. (O, that grand old Hill! But it is not now what it was then. The spade and the pick and the plow, during all the long years since that time, have made wondrous changes; and though the transformation has gone on under the levelling hand of Improvement, yet the change seems almost sacrilege to me.)

As once before, so now, I entered the low porch at the back of the house, and opened the door into the kitchen without knocking. My mother was there, seated by the great old fireplace, and near her sat Eben and Mary Jane. My mother was the first to discover me—the first to extend her arms.

Once more upon that bosom where first on earth I had found rest! Once more encircled within those arms which had sustained me through the helpless days of infancy!—once more the glad music of a mother's blessing sending its rapturous thrill to my heart! All the hours of my trials and perils lay now like strong foundations to make the present happiness more firm and enduring.

I had embraced Eben and Mary, and very shortly Sam. Tucker and Eunisale joined the glad group in the kitchen, and for a brief period there was little sense or reason in what was said or done. But by and by we got sobered down, and I was called upon to eat a second breakfast, which I found no difficulty in doing; and while I was eating my mother told me of the letter which she had received from me by the *Ben. Franklin*, of Baltimore. Of course she had been under the most painful apprehensions, and more than once while she sat by my side as I eat did she close and open her eyes, and gaze upon the objects about her, to assure herself that the present scene of joy was not a delusion.

The reader may imagine the doings and the sayings of the remainder of that Sabbath day, for there is no need that I should tell it. It was very late at night when our circle broke up for retiring, and yet I had not told more than half of my adventures. There had been so many questions to answer, and so many minor points to explain, that I had progressed but slowly in my narrative.

In those days there were not so many hangers-on around the wharves as there are now, and the crews of ships stuck by to unload instead of taking their pay and proceeding at once to spend it; so, on Monday morning, I got on board the coach as it passed our door, and by the time the crew of the *Putnam* were ready for work I was on hand, and Fiddy was not far behind me. At the end of a week my work was done and I was free; and when I spoke with Captain Dadman about the extra pay he had given me, he assured me that it was all right. He had told the owners my story, and they had allowed the full amount. He spoke to me about shipping with him for a voyage to Holland; but I told him I could not do it then. I must see the owners of the *Naumkeag* before I entered into any new arrangement.

And when Fiddy returned home I went with him, and called upon Mr. Grey, the chief owner of our old ship. Fiddy had already told him our story, so all I had to do in that direction was to corroborate what my companion had told, though he kept me over an hour busily employed in giving an account of the most startling of our adventures; and when, from press of business, he was obliged to turn his attention to others, he asked me how I was situated in regard to money matters, and I confessed to him that I had none; for what Captain Dadman had given me had been all used up in buying clothing. And then Mr. Grey gave me an example of that considerate liberality for which he was noted. He sat down at his desk and reckoned what my wages would have amounted to from the day on which I shipped on board the *Naumkeag* for the last voyage to the present time, and he made it to be one hundred and forty dollars to the end of January, and for that full amount he drew a check on a Salem bank and gave it to me. I was trying to find words in which to express my gratitude, when he placed his hand upon my head and pleasantly said:

"It's all right, my brave boy. I know what you would say. Go and get your money, and then take care of yourself; only remember that you are still in my employ, for your term of service is not yet up. Go home and make a good visit, and when you are tired of doing nothing, report to me."

"God bless you, sir!" I ejaculated; and with that I turned and left his office.

Not many men would have done by me as did Mr. Grey; and yet there were some people who called him selfish and hard-hearted. He was a man who, when he gave, gave wisely; and as most of those who beg money have very little wisdom of their own, they are slow to perceive it in others. Mr. Grey tried to make those in his employment feel happy and contented; but there were men who could not appreciate true friendship, and some of these betrayed the trust which the merchant had reposed in them, and he was forced to turn them off, for he would not have about him a man who had once served him a mean trick. And such men called Mr. Grey hard-hearted.

I found plenty of opportunities to ship, and a few masters offered me extra inducements; but I remembered my contract, and I meant to abide by it. At first, Mr. Grey had thought of keeping me busy until the *Naumkeag* returned, and then sending me out in her again; but now, on the first of February, his plans for the future were brought to a standstill. War with England seemed inevitable, and he did not think he should send any more ships out until the national difficulties were settled.

During this month of February I was employed most of the time in the office in Salem. One Saturday forenoon, Mr. Grey called me to him, and directed me to go to the stable and get his horse and sleigh.

"Mr. Parsons, my New York agent, is in Boston," he said, "and he may wish to remain after our stage has left. You will find him at the stage office, on Elm street, and you may take the team to that house; and when you have delivered it up to him, you may go out home and spend a few days there, if you wish."

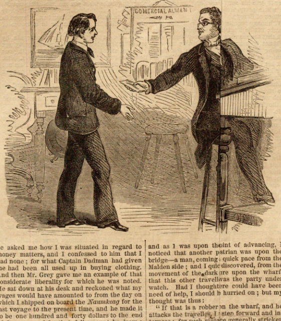
This was a pleasant errand for me, and I was not long in getting ready for the start. I reached Boston at two o'clock in the afternoon, and drove at once to the tavern; but Mr. Parsons was not there. He had left word with the host, however, that he had gone out on business, and that if Mr. Grey's horse and sleigh should be sent in for his use, the team could be put up until he returned. It might have been all very well, so far as the horse was concerned, for me to have left it in charge of the hostler, and to have taken the Malden stage for home; but I had several messages for the agent, and I felt it incumbent upon me to wait and deliver them to him in person. He returned to the tavern a little past four o'clock; and, when I had finished my business, it was nearly five. After that, he insisted upon my remaining and taking tea with him. There would be a good moon, he said, and a walk of four or five miles by moonlight, on the crisp snow, would be pleasant. I was hungry, and I accepted the invitation; and when I was finally ready to set forth, it was half-past five. The sun had been down ten or fifteen minutes, and, before I had reached Charlestown, night had fairly set in.

The moon was near its full, but there were heavy clouds rolling up in the east, and, at times, the face of the luminary was so thickly veiled that I gained not a particle of its light. While crossing the bridge from Boston to Charlestown, the wind started up in fitful, biting gusts, and there were two or three spits and whirls of fine snow. On I plodded through Charlestown, and, during the entire passage, from the bridge to the "Neck," I met not more than three persons. When I reached Malden bridge, the wind had spent its fury, and I fancied that the clouds were breaking away.

It was a dreary-looking track over that long bridge. There were no lights, save one struggling, sickly lamp at the draw, and another which was just distinguishable, at the toll-house, at the other end. The draw was about one-third the distance from the Charlestown side; and, as I approached it, I fancied I saw a man standing upon the platform which was, at this point, built out from the bridge. The object was stationary when I first observed it; but it could not be a post or pier-head, for I had crossed the bridge often and I knew no such thing was there. But I was not to remain long in doubt. The object was plainly visible against the clear, white back-ground; and presently, as I came near to the draw, it moved towards the bridge.

I stopped, and my first thought was of some weapon of defence. I had heard of robbers upon the long, dreary bridge; and might not this be one? A few years before, there had been so many robberies committed here, that, for several months, people only passed over at night in parties or well armed. But what had I to fear? I had only about five dollars with me, and, if the man wanted that, and could induce me to give it to him, he was welcome to it.

This platform, or stilted wharf, was upon the opposite side of the draw from where I stood,



and as I was upon the point of advancing, I noticed that another pedestrian was upon the bridge—a man, coming at a quick pace from the Malden side; and I quickly discovered, from the movement of the dark figure upon the wharf, that this other traveller was the party under watch. Had I thought there could have been need of help, I should have hurried on; but my thought was thus:

"If that is a robber on the wharf, and he attacks the traveller, I will step forward and interpose; for such rascals are generally stricken with terror when suddenly surprised by unexpected visitants."

I stopped upon the edge of the draw, and saw the traveller approaching, and also saw the man creeping slowly up from the wharf; and then it occurred to me that a pile of lumber upon the northern side of the way was between the two. But I could not have reached the spot now if I would.

A sort of glare upon the snow caused me to look up for a moment, and I saw that the clouds were breaking away in the track of the moon. I had fairly observed this when my ears were saluted by the cry:

"HOLD UP! *Your money, or your life!*"

Where had I heard that voice before? Somewhere, surely; for so peculiar a voice would not be likely to be duplicated.

But I had no time for consideration. As the familiar tones fell upon my ears the clouds which had enveloped the scene in darkness rolled away, and the moon shone bright and full upon the old bridge, and this was the picture I saw:

The man who had come up from the wharf, and who had demanded money or life, held a pistol in his hand as though he meant to fire. Then the other man, who chanced to be strong of muscle, and cool of thought, knocked the pistol up, and I saw the hand that gave the upward blow a long knife, the blade of which gleamed in the moonlight, as, with the left hand, he grasped the robber by the throat.

With a loud cry I sprang forward; but I was too late to arrest the blow. I saw the gleaming blade descend like lightning,—I heard the dull blow,—and I heard the groan of the stricken man! And at that instant I remembered a day-dream which had been mine thousands of miles away? I remembered the phantasy at Calcutta, and my brain reeled. *The cloud—the gleam of light—the sword—the fatal stroke—the groan,*—all just as I had seen in the vision!

I hurried up, and the traveller was just letting the body of the robber down upon the reddening snow.

"Ha! Becket,—is this you?"

It was John Gammon who addressed me,—a stone-mason of our own town, and accounted the strongest man anywhere around.

"BECKET! BECK!"

This time it was another voice calling to me—a voice speaking on the verge of eternity!

"BECKET! BECK!"

O, my God! what a sight! It was Jonathan Drake, our old [illegible] of the *Naumkeag*. I knelt down and lifted his head, and the moonbeams resting full upon it showed me that life was ebbing fast away. I had seen too many men bleed to death to be mistaken in this. But I spoke to him—called his name—and I asked him if I could help him; and as I spoke I tried to staunch the blood that flowed from a deep gash in his bosom.

"I'm done for, Beck.,' he said, in husky, rattling tones. 'Oh! if I could have stayed with you, I think you might have saved me! Beck., I loved you.—I did, as true as God made me! O! my soul! Won't you pray for me? In Christ's name, Becket, pray for me!"

I told him I would pray for him. And then, with a convulsive movement, he grasped my wrist, and faintly cried:

"'Twas n't me, Becket. 'Twas rum did it all. O, I couldn't help it! If God only knew how I burned and thirsted!—if he only knew how like a madman I was when the thirst was upon me! O, Beck., won't you remember this? Becket—the old ship!—is she in?"

I would have answered him, but he did not seem to hear me; for he kept on, his voice growing weaker and weaker. He spoke of the old ship; and he spoke of Capt. Matthews; but when he came to heap curses upon the head of Billy Grey I stopped him. I told him if he sought the forgiveness of Heaven he must not cherish such feelings in his heart.

The moon had been shining full in the face of the dying man, but as I spoke to him a cloud intervened, and shut out the silvery orb.

"Dark!—dark!—Becket, O, pray for me!—pray! If I'd never lost you——"

His voice failed—there was a momentary hush—then a mighty throe—and the head lay heavy upon my knee. The spirit had gone to that abode whence none have ever come to tell us how the sad wrongs of this world are made right there, leaving man to cherish the faith that seemeth to him born of heavenly inspiration.

When we knew that the man was dead Gammon and I held a short consultation, and we finally concluded that we would carry the body to the toll-house; and as we walked on with our burden I told to the artizan the story of my former associations with Jonathan Drake.

And I will add here that all came out right so far as John Gammon was concerned. It was proved that the deceased had been prowling around in the lowest sinks of Boston and Charlestown for some months; that he had been detected in stealing on several occasions; and it was probable that on that Saturday night, under the influence of rum, he had gone out to try a new experiment.

Poor Jonathan Drake! I have sometimes asked myself if that unfortunate waif was not cast into my pathway by a kind Providence, that the misused life might be a warning to me.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HELEN.—The Koh-i-noor now belongs to Queen Victoria. It is one of the finest jewels in the world, and is valued at two millions of pounds sterling, or ten millions of dollars. The story which your teacher told his scholars about its having been stolen from an eastern prince by a juggler, and sold to a wandering Dervise, and by him to a jeweller in Constantinople, who was robbed of it by a British soldier, &c., &c., is all false. He has mixed up the histories of the Orlow and the Sancy diamonds, the first of which belongs to the crown of Russia, and the second to the crown of France. The Koh-i-noor belonged to the Grand Mogul, from whom it passed into the possession of the sovereigns of Cabul. In 1813, Runjeit Sing, the King of Lahore, became possessed of it, by conquest, after a victorious war against the Shah Shujah. At the death of Runjeit Sing the East India Company took possession of his estates, whereby the Koh-i-noor fell into their hands, and was by them presented to Queen Victoria. Valuable as the Koh-i-noor is, it comes far short of being the most valuable jewel in the world. That distinction is reserved for a rough diamond said to be in possession of the King of Portugal, which was found in the diamond district of Brazil, is the size of a chicken's egg, weighs one thousand six hundred and eighty carats, (over eleven ounces,) and is estimated to be worth fifty-seven millions of pounds sterling, or two hundred and eighty-five millions of dollars. Such enormous values must be fanciful to a greater or less extent, as no one could or would buy a gem costing hundreds of millions of dollars.

J. L.—Napoleon I. was not deficient in any intellectual faculty, though some of his powers were greater than others. When a student, his favorite study was mathematics, but later in life he became fond of science, metaphysics, and every intellectual pursuit. The reason why his political was so markedly inferior to his military capacity, was because in war he was governed solely by his genius, while in politics he was swayed by his passions. Nothing could induce him to make a military movement, or a military appointment, which his judgment did not approve; but in political affairs he would allow favoritism, and the desire to gratify petty preferences or petty spites, to influence his appointments and his movements, and of course the result would often be embarrassing and sometimes disastrous.

INTERESTED.—Yes, a person owning half of a house can sell his interest without the consent of the owner of the other half. Where two persons jointly own a piece of real estate and cannot agree as to its division, either of them can bring a partition suit, and the court will appoint commissioners to divide the property fairly; or, if it cannot be divided without a sacrifice, then to sell and divide the proceeds between the owners. Such a suit is apt to be expensive, and it would be a great deal better for the parties to sell the property for what it would bring and divide the money between them, without resorting to the expensive machinery of the court.

USED UP.—This correspondent says he has seven children, who are the pest of his life. "I don't like children," he says, "and never did, and never can. In fact, I hate the sight of them, my own not excepted. You will, of course, consider me a monster, but I can't help it. I might as well tell the truth and have done with it. Murder will out. The question is, what would be the best thing for me to do? My wife loves the children, but is in feeble health. Hadn't I better go off and leave the children to her?" Yes, if you will first make ample and certain provision for their support.

ORANGE.—You had no business to enter into a clandestine engagement with the young lady, contrary to what you knew were the wishes of her parents. Having given them just cause for offence, you must now make your peace with them the best way you can. The young lady's coldness towards you probably arises from some distrust of your integrity which has entered her mind. Perhaps she now sees how wrong it was for you to entice her into a secret engagement, and thinks that a man who would do such a thing might also do worse if occasion should offer.

WIDOW.—In order to find a boarding-school where you can send your little girl, in order to keep her out of the street while you are at work, you should consult your clergyman, or the principal of some school in your neighborhood. As you can afford to pay but a small sum for your child's board and tuition, it will probably be difficult to find such a school as you would like for her; but your pastor could probably give you more aid than anyone else.

CAROLINE.—As a matter of course it would be dishonest for one to keep and appropriate to his own use money or valuables that he should find in a store, or anywhere else. When found in a store, such things should be handed over to the proprietor of the establishment; and if found in the street they should be advertised, and every proper effort made to find the owner.

OPERATOR.—The way to learn how to "operate a telegraph" is to get a situation in some telegraph office where you can have an opportunity to master the art of telegraphy. Some of the "commercial colleges" teach the art, and by hunting up such a school and attending it, you could learn how to "operate a telegraph," along with other things.

OLIVIA.—A young man who, "after declaring his love and being accepted, never pays the young lady any more attention, or acts as though he cared any thing for her," must either be frightened at the result of his proposal, or else have discovered that he was mistaken in supposing he was in love with the girl in question.

EDITH.—The preponderance of authorities is in favor of saying "wholesome food," instead of "healthy food," although it is not *incorrect* to use the latter expression. Healthy includes wholesome, and wholesome includes healthy, and each is given as one of the definitions of the other.

ELDERLY LOVER.—The lady who refused your offer of marriage, on the ground that you are ten years older than she is, but wants you to continue to keep company with her, as a friend, will probably accept your offer the next time it is made.

A. O. S., Maryland.—Write to the Secretary of the Interior, at Washington, about your father's claim for bounties for services in the Mexican war. State the case as fully as you can, and also with all possible brevity and clearness.

SKEPTIC.—You are evidently one of those shallow-brained and brutal persons into whose head it is impossible to introduce correct ideas, and whose heart never felt a sacred emotion. You must be left to your fate.

ANXIOUS.—You and your niece must be infatuated to have fallen in love with one another. For you to marry would be improper in the highest degree, and it would subject you to everlasting odium.

H. M.—You can find French and German "self-instructors," or books which amount to the same thing though they may be called by other names, by inquiring at the bookstores.

KNICKERBOCKER.—You had better send your question to TOM QUICK, of the *Citizen*, who is the author of several very readable articles on that subject.

T. K.—The plural of chrysalis is chrysalides, pronounced kri-sal-i-deeze.

W. L.—The sensitiveness of ignorant and inexperienced people is really absurd, if not contemptible. Here is a young man who, while walking home from church with a couple of friends, overtook two young ladies of his acquaintance, by whose side he lingered while his friends walked on ahead. Whereupon, one of the young ladies said, "Do not let us deprive you of the company of your friends," a most proper, considerate, and lady-like remark. But our correspondent wants to know if he ought not to consider it as an insult, and act accordingly. Such conceited sullenness and sensitiveness ought to be exterminated after the manner of Gideon, the Bible hero, to wit: "with briars and thorns of the wilderness."

BROWNVILLE.—When a couple of friends are riding in a car or omnibus, and one does not happen to have the change to pay his fare, and the other pays it for him, it is not customary to look upon the amount so paid as a loan to be returned. As you subsequently offered to repay your friend, and he declined the offer, you should consider the matter ended. The accusation of "greenness" brought against you, because you offered to repay the money, will do you no harm. It is a good sign when a young man shows a desire to be accurate and prompt in money matters, however small the amount involved; and it does no harm for him to err on the right side occasionally.

HOTSPUR.—It is not incorrect to use quotation marks when the name of the author of the lines or sentences quoted is given. For example: As Moore says,

"O Nature, how blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of Creation enchantingly thrown."

Whenever a quotation is made quotation marks should be used, unless one chooses to adopt the Biblical method of distinguishing the quotation by commencing it in all cases with a capital letter, and by marking it with appropriate punctuation, which varies according to circumstances. The best way, however, is to use quotation marks, especially when poetry is quoted.

MAMARONECK wants to know "If a gentleman were walking in the street, and should meet a young lady unaccompanied, and she should accept his offer to accompany her to her place of destination, and on the way should meet her 'steady company,' [by which we suppose is meant her lover,] would it be her duty to leave the gentleman she was walking with and go with the other?" No; but she could speak to her "steady company," introduce him to her companion, and tell him where she was going, and invite him to go along, and then he could go or not, according to his own pleasure.

U. S. SOLDIER.—A person who should attend a private party by invitation, and be introduced to the company by the host, would by virtue thereof be placed on terms of perfect social equality with the other guests, so far as that occasion was concerned. But if he should wish to ask a young lady for the pleasure of accompanying her home, his general introduction to the company would not suffice. In such a case, he should have the host, or some one else, give him a personal introduction to the young lady, and then he would be privileged to try his fortune with her.

QUINCY BOY.—This ardent youth loves a young lady who will not speak to him because she has been told that he has spoken ill of her. Besides, as he says, "somebody has started false reports that I am engaged to another young lady, which makes matters a great deal worse. I believe she loves me, although she is so angry, but I don't know how to bring about a reconciliation. I wish you would tell me what to do." Call on the young lady and tell her frankly just how the matter stands. That will be sufficient.

O. B.—The corner-stone of the workhouse on Blackwell's Island was laid in the autumn of 1850, more than three years after the close of the Mexican war; so it is impossible that any of the members of your regiment could have been sent thither in disgrace during the progress of that war. The whole story is incredible. The United States would not punish a soldier in their service by sending him to a municipal or county workhouse under any circumstances.

LOUISE.—On receiving cards for a reception at the residence of a newly-married couple, on their return from their bridal tour, your conduct should be governed by your wishes as to future acquaintance. If you wish to keep up an intimacy with the parties, you should, in case you cannot attend the reception, send a proper note of regret; but if you have no desire to continue the acquaintance, you can signify that fact by paying no attention to the invitation.

A READER.—In all matters of sickness, and in every trouble which requires medical advice or treatment, a person should [illegible] or of whose worth he has some knowledge, and not resort to strangers of whom he knows nothing except what he has learned through advertisements. In your case, it would be folly to pass by a trusted family physician for the purpose of trying experiments with strange nostrums.

C. B. K.—Your notions of the "Puritans of New England" are founded in ignorance and prejudice. A large portion of all that is best in our government, our history, our laws, and our institutions has come directly from the Puritans; while all that is worst in the land has come, and continues to come from those who are incapable of appreciating the grandeur, the excellence, and the nobility of the Puritan character.

W. C.—The person who pretended that he had a farm in Kansas twenty miles wide by thirty-five miles long, was probably trying to see how much your credulity would bear. Such a farm as that would contain seven hundred square miles, which would be equal to four hundred and forty-eight thousand acres.

STUDENT.—Whether or not you could obtain employment after graduating at a scientific school, or a "school of mines," would depend more upon your *character* than upon your *accomplishments*. A man may know a great deal of science and yet be so destitute of energy and tact as to fail of getting employment.

K. M.—Your uncle's will is probably on record in the office of the Surrogate of the county in which he resided at the time of his death. The records are open to inspection by any one, and you can go to the office and examine them for yourself. Some of the clerks will show you how to do it.

P. K.—According to the reported declarations of Alexander Dumas himself, your friend is mistaken in supposing him to be a Frenchman and that the correct pronunciation of his name is *Dumah*. It is said that he claims to be of Spanish origin, and that he pronounces his name *Doo-mauss*.

OWEGO.—When a lady marries, she does not "take" the Christian as well as the surname of her husband. The custom which is followed by some married women of using their husbands' Christian names is not based on law, but on temporary choice, or it is done for some specific reason.

ELDORADO.—Daniel Webster was a native of New Hampshire. He did not go to Boston to live until he had reached middle life and acquired a fine reputation. His first appearance in Congress was as the representative of the Portsmouth district in New Hampshire.

A. L. R.—It is not likely that the Government of the United States care whether papers or periodicals are "sold in a large village post-office" or not. It would be a contemptible piece of business for a man to try to make trouble about such a matter.

J. S., Harrisburgh.—By taking the benefit of the bankrupt law passed by Congress, you can be discharged from all existing indebtedness and liabilities. You will need the services of an attorney-at-law, and the sooner you consult one the better.

WURTSBOROUGH.—The Government does not pay pensions to the heirs of Revolutionary soldiers. If it did, it would soon become bankrupt, as such heirs are very numerous in this country.

C. E. S.—There are eight numbers of "Winning Her Way" prior to February 9th, 1867, and the cost of them would be forty-eight cents.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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